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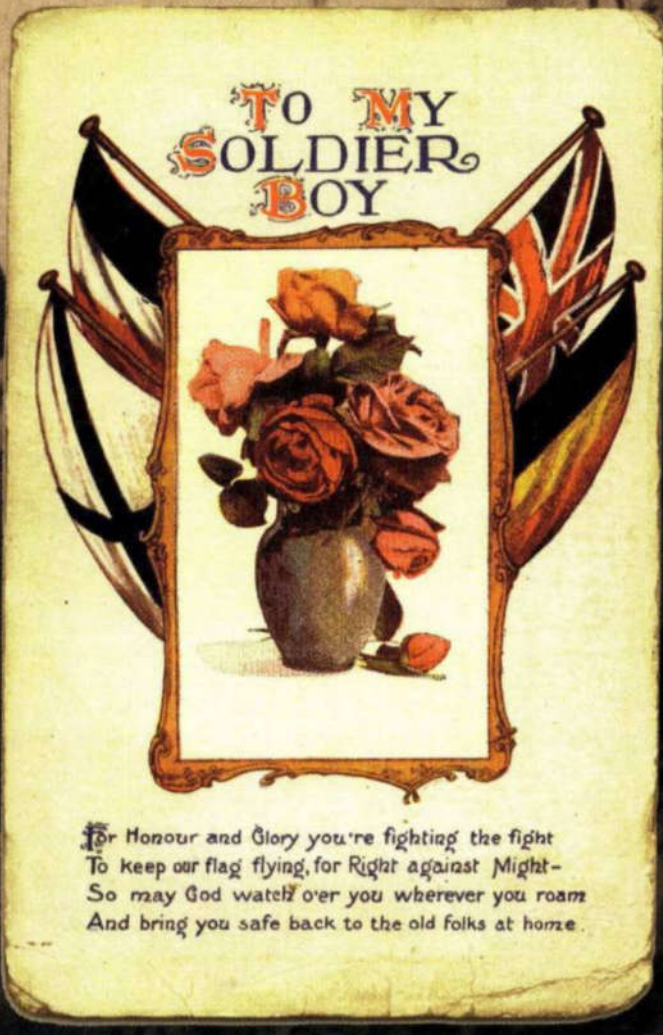
The Beaver

EXPLORING · CANADA'S · HISTORY

The Postcard War


TO MY SOLDIER BOY
For Honour and Glory you're fighting the fight
To keep our flag flying, for Right against Might-
So may God watch o'er you wherever you roam
And bring you safe back to the old folks at home.

The Great Canadian Dinosaur Rush

From Slave to Citizen: Jim Henson's Journey

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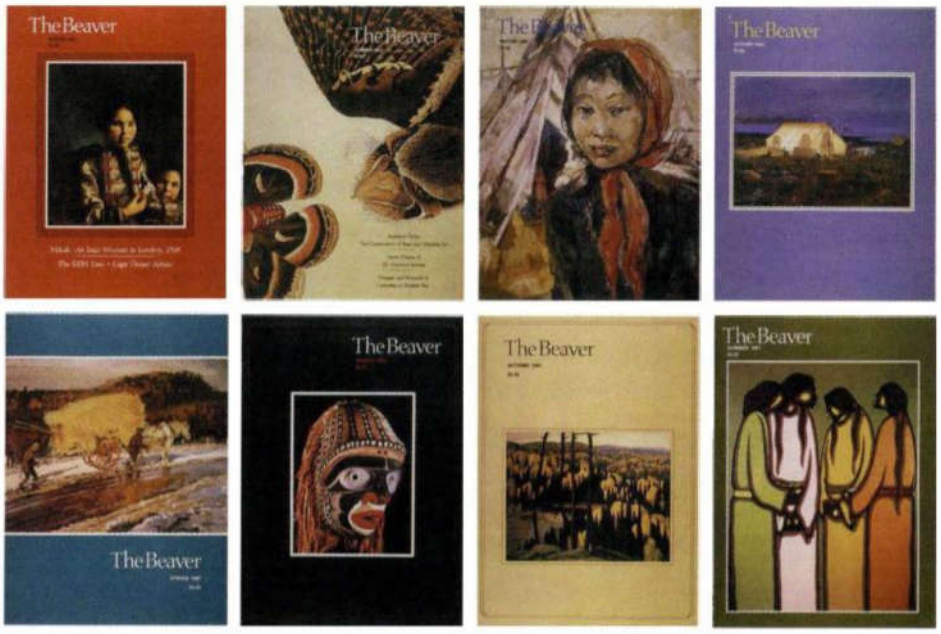

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Exploring Canada's History

April / May 1998 Vol. 78:2

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ON THE COVER: World War I postcards, background and foreground, from the collection of Ian McCulloch.

W.A.B. Douglas

The Canadian Battle of Normandy Foundation

Could Canadians ever forget what their forebears did for freedom and peace during the two great wars of the twentieth century? In the communes and villages of Normandy liberated by Canadian sailors, soldiers, and airmen in 1944, the streets bear the names of Canadian soldiers and regiments. Men and women who survived the German occupation remember their Canadian liberators with affection and respect, and their children learn about them. Yet in Canada there are countless people who do not even know that these events took place.

Canadian veterans and students at Le Mesnil Crossroads during the 1997 tour.

At Le Mémorial, a remarkable new museum on the outskirts of Caen – a city liberated by Canadians – there was in 1992 no Canadian presence at all. A pervasive American presence, including an elaborate memorial garden erected by the American Battle of Normandy Foundation, made it appear that the collective memory of what Canadians had achieved would one day be replaced by the myth that the United States had done it all. Representatives from Le Mémorial came to Canada to urge Canadian participation in their work. Clearly, as Professor Sydney F. Wise pointed out, people of Caen and surrounding communes saw this absence as an apparent disregard by Canadians for the sufferings and triumphs they had shared during the liberation. To his credit, the then-minister of national defence, Marcel Masse, encouraged the creation of an organization that would be represented on the board of Le Mémorial. Mr. Hamilton Southam followed up by organizing the Canadian Battle of Normandy Foundation. One of its tasks was to help Le Mémorial properly recognize Canada's role in the Second World War. Others were to educate Canadians about the two world wars, perpetuate the memory and deeds of Canadians who fought in those wars, and encourage and support Canadian university students studying war and peace.

The Foundation brought distinguished Canadians to its number. Chief Justice Brian Dickson, C.C., C.D., and a Normandy veteran, consented to serve as patron. Major-General Roland A. Reid, C.V.O., C.M., was elected president after retiring from a long and distinguished career in the Canadian army. The late Jean Baby, a Korean veteran, became general manager. Well before any government department had begun preparing for the 50th anniversary ceremonies in Normandy, and long before any financial support from government materialized, the Foundation, with a board of directors consisting of 30 men and women of substance, began preparing contributions to the celebrations. They raised funds from private donors to erect a plaque commemorating the liberation of Caen by Canadians, and sent groups of students in architecture and landscape design to stay in Caen for one summer. They prepared competing designs for a Canadian memorial garden, to be located in a medieval quarry on the grounds of Le Mémorial. With the cooperation of the Department of Foreign Affairs, the Foundation ultimately secured a seat on the board of Le Mémorial, and participated in several history conferences at the museum.

How can you ensure that Canadians learn what their country did in the cause of peace and freedom in two world wars, encourage the study of these matters in universities, and perpetuate the memory of deeds done by Canadians?

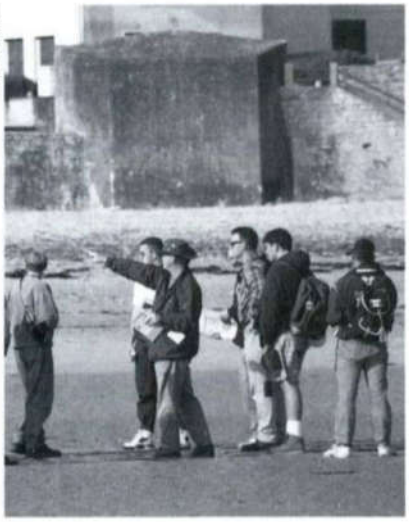
In 1994 the city of Caen celebrated its liberation. Thousands of children participated. In the warm July sun, they sat on the ground while the senator-mayor recounted to them the story of the city's rescue from Nazi occupation, and its rebirth after the war. Major-

General Reid unveiled the Foundation's plaque, located where the Canadians had entered the city on July 9, 1944. National Defence and Veterans Affairs had by this time organized the "Canada Remembers" program, and sent a Canadian armed forces guard and band. The following year, on May 11, 1995, to mark the 50th anniversary of victory over Germany, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien opened the Canadian memorial garden. The Foundation (helped by a generous contribution from the Canadian government) had raised over a million dollars for this effort.

The garden is the only memorial, apart from certain cemeteries, that commemorates Canadian participation in the northwest European campaigns of the Second World War. It is a dignified place of quiet reflection, honouring the memory not only of all the naval, army, and air force units that took part in the Battle of Normandy, but the communes they liberated.

This was only a beginning. How can you ensure that Canadians learn what their country did in the cause of peace and freedom in two world wars, encourage the study of these matters in universities, and perpetuate the memory of deeds done by Canadians? How can you preserve the link, so easily broken for lack of interest, with the countries Canadians liberated? Working in close cooperation with the official historian at National Defence and the staff of Le Mémorial, the Foundation contributed to the mounting of an exhibition entitled "Le Canada au secours de l'Europe," so popular, it was extended for a year. The Foundation also copublished, with Wilfrid Laurier University, battlefield guides by Professor Terry Copp for Canadians visiting Normandy and northwest Europe, and engaged Professor J. L. Granatstein to write a short history of the Normandy campaign, to be distributed to high schools. It also launched the Normandy Bursary Program.

The bursary program is the capstone of the Foundation's efforts. In 1995 the first 12 men and women from universities across the country won bursaries to travel to Normandy and the Low Countries for three weeks in the summer under the direction of a well-established historian. By exploring the region, and discussing in detail what they were seeing and hearing, they acquired an incomparable understanding of what Canadians had done in Normandy and northwest Europe during the two world wars. Like the students who had designed the memorial garden, they had not fully comprehended, until they saw the rows of headstones in Commonwealth war-graves cemeteries, that the casualties of these wars had been about the same age they were. That struck home.



Mike Bechthold

Terry Copp (centre, pointing) discusses German Atlantic Wall defences on the beach at St. Aubin-sur-Mer with a group of Canadian students. In the background is one of the bunkers that was knocked out by soldiers of the North Shore (New Brunswick) Regiment, with help from tanks of the Fort Garry Horse, in their assault on Juno Beach, June 6, 1944.

Professor Terry Copp, ably assisted by Dr. Serge Durflinger, conducted the tours in 1995 and 1996. In 1997 Professor Marc Milner of the University of New Brunswick led the group. The students, who pay nearly half the costs out of their own pockets, come home profoundly affected. Those undergraduates who choose to take the distance course on the Second World War, offered by Professor Copp through Wilfrid Laurier University, earn a credit towards their degree. Most important, all who have gone to Europe on these study tours are chosen in part for an ability to impart their knowledge, teaching others what they have learned. The Foundation continues to endow the Normandy Scholarship Fund, so that these bursaries can be offered in perpetuity and the program can grow.

Students stay at the Abbaye d'Ardenne, just outside Caen, while they are in Normandy. This ancient abbey, disestablished in the French Revolution, was recently restored by the regional government as a student residence. It had been used as a farm for two centuries, and briefly, in 1944, it was headquarters of the 12th S.S. under Standartenfuhrer Kurt Meyer. Every year, on June 7, the students attend a little ceremony arranged by the Foundation and Le Mémorial in the peaceful, shaded garden of the Abbaye. They join survivors of the German occupation, local dignitaries, occasional visitors, and some American students with whom the Canadians share the Abbaye. M. Jean Vico, whose family has farmed by the Abbaye for generations, recounts the story of 20 young Canadian soldiers who were murdered by their S.S. guards in this garden on June 7 and 17, 1944. It was M. Vico who, with his mother, first found evidence of the atrocity. He speaks in simple, short sentences, with English translation interspersed between each passage. There were other victims—55 men from the Royal Winnipeg Rifles were shot in cold blood at the Chateau d'Ardrieux, near Bayeux—but the Abbaye, where the people who live nearby tend the garden so lovingly, possesses a special ambience. The Vico family has erected a small shrine. Hearing M. Vico tell his story, and seeing and hearing the names of the men inscribed on the commemorative plaque, moves many of the audience to tears. At no time is Canada more closely linked to Normandy than at this moment, in the presence of young Canadians, grieving for the terrible loss of life and for the ordeal by which our country established a timeless bond with this lovely land. ◆

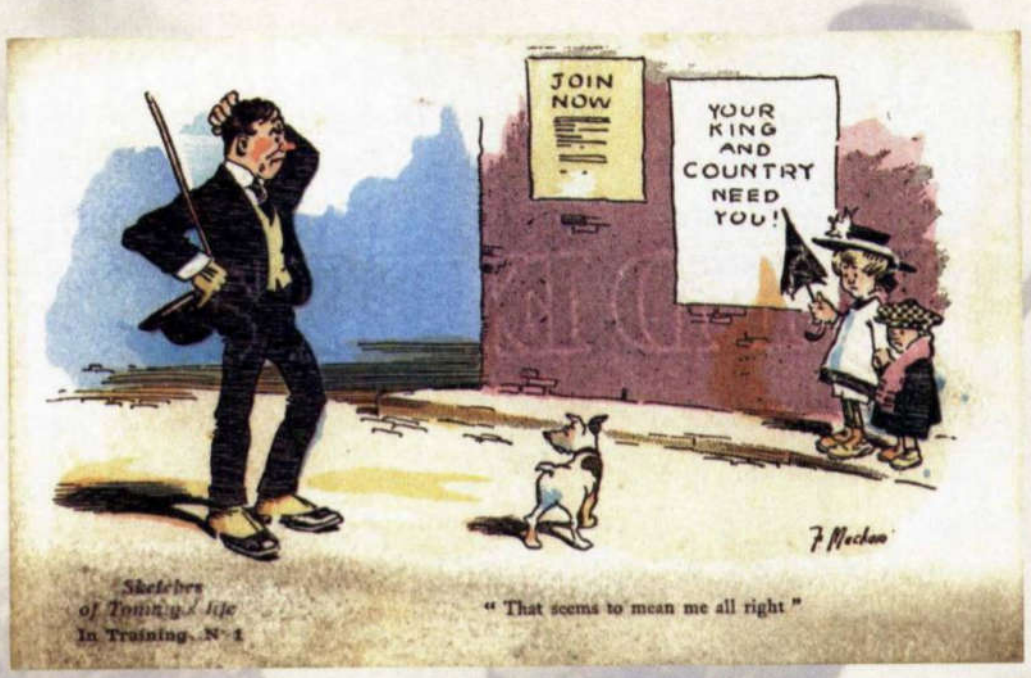
W.A.B. Douglas served in the Royal Canadian Navy, 1950–1973, and as official historian for the armed forces, 1973–94. He is president of the Canadian Battle of Normandy Foundation.

The Postcard War
1914-1918

DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR, picture postcards were delivered in Canada at the rate of more than 50,000 a day. Most of them were posted from Great Britain, many by Canadian soldiers in their U.K. training camps. But some also came from the Canadian Corps fighting on the Western Front. While their written contents were brief and generally uninformative (the result of censors restricting information about life in the trenches or ongoing campaigns), it was the pictures themselves that told the story for the Canadian public. Today, they provide a pictorial record of the war years, reflecting the changing mood of the home front and how attitudes and perceptions were shaped as the war progressed.

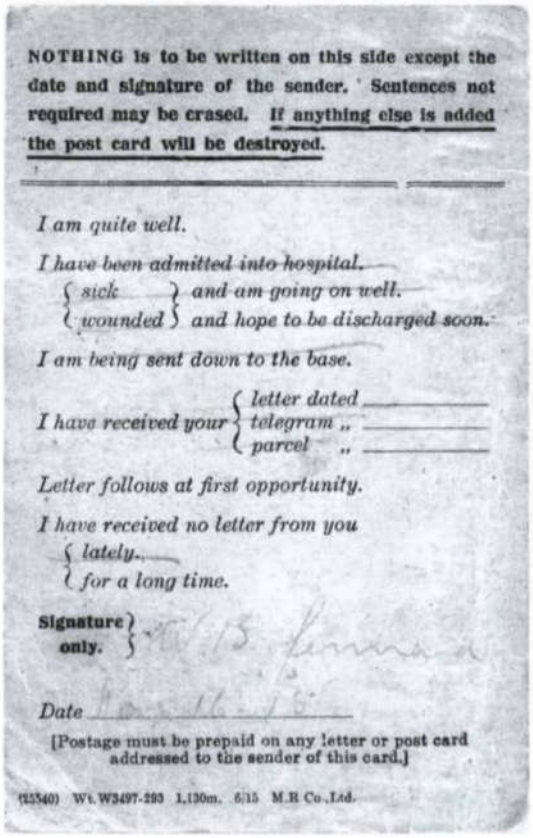
French and Belgian women made money in the Great War selling embroidered postcards to Canadian troops.

by Ian McCulloch



A card from the "Sketches of Tommy's Life" series highlighting the patriotic. "That's seems to mean me all right," he says.

A colour-tinted postcard of the king inspecting a quarter guard of the Royal Canadian Regiment in the summer of 1916. He is accompanied by the Canadian Corps commander, Lt.-Gen. Julian Byng (left) and The RCR's commanding officer, Lt.-Col. Claude Hill (right).



NOTHING is to be written on this side except the date and signature of the sender. Sentences not required may be erased. If anything else is added the post card will be destroyed.

I am quite well.

I have been admitted into hospital.
{ sick / wounded } and am going on well. / and hope to be discharged soon.

I am being sent down to the base.

I have received your { letter dated ____ / telegram „ ____ / parcel „ ____

Letter follows at first opportunity.

I have received no letter from you { lately. / for a long time.

Signature only. W. B. Lennie

Date Oct 16 15

[Postage must be prepaid on any letter or post card addressed to the sender of this card.]

(25540) Wt. W3497-293 1,130m. 6/15 M.R Co.,Ltd.

Right: The renowned Field Service postcard used by all Canadian soldiers. The message was created by crossing out the nonapplicable statement and filling in the blanks.

Below: The Black Watch from Montreal alight from their trains at Valcartier Camp in 1914 still wearing their white spats and hair sporrans. These would be replaced with boots, puttees, and khaki aprons for the kilts.

Valcartier Camp—Canada. 5th Royal Highlanders Detraining

The picture postcard was never blatantly used by the government to recruit or propagandize, but most were designed with pride, patriotism, and distaste for the enemy. They were published by private postcard companies who set the standard by giving the public what they thought they wanted. The boldness, audacity, and sometimes naive depictions of war in some cards can make us shake our heads in disbelief today; with hindsight, we know so much more about what the first modern industrial war was really like. Modern-day viewers should keep in mind that recipients were kept blithely unaware of the terror and obscenities of war, not only by censors required to maintain morale on the home front, but also by the soldiers themselves, united in an unspoken desire to reassure families and friends that all was well and they would soon return.

In the early months of the war, postcard companies scrambled to produce cards that showed Canada's sons rallying to the call; like the 48th Highlanders of Toronto marching down their main streets; like Montreal's Black Watch disembarking from their trains at Valcartier; or troops on review at Camp Aldershot in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley. These early cards show the Canadian contingents carrying Ross rifles and still wearing the trappings of their militia uniforms, including pith helmets, Boer War web gear, and ceremonial hair sporrans (these would be replaced by standard British issue on arrival in the United Kingdom).

The most common postcard sent in the First World War was the ubiquitous Field Service postcard, with its fill-in-the-blanks format and its plaintive final sentence: "I have received no letter from you (lately/for a long time)." It was the type of mail preferred by the censors, but soldiers were not restricted to using it. Once in England, Canadian troops had access to the many colourful British cards that abounded. Comic postcards, such as "Sketches of Tommy's Life," were published in four series: In Training, Up at Base, Up the Line, and Out on Rest. They were extremely popular with the troops, as they depicted the hardships of training camp, the obstinacy and innocence of recruits, and the frustrations of noncommissioned officers. The cards speak volumes about that part of the national character that motivates Canadians to look at the lighter side of life in the face of adversity. The "Sketch" series of postcards were sold in packs of eight and bore on their wrappers the following message: "There will come a time when you may be glad

The 48th Highlanders leaving Toronto (Canada)

Oh for a Sight of You!
Theres nothing
happened round our way
of interest.—nothing new!
The only thing that will brace me up is just a sight of You.

Clockwise from top left:

A Bruce Bairnsfather cartoon postcard depicting officers waiting to go "up the line." The caption reads: "That last half-hour before 'going in' to the trenches for the 200th time."

The 48th Highlanders of Toronto march down Yonge Street on their way to board trains for Valcartier, Quebec.

Romantic and sentimental postcards were forerunners to modern-day greeting cards.

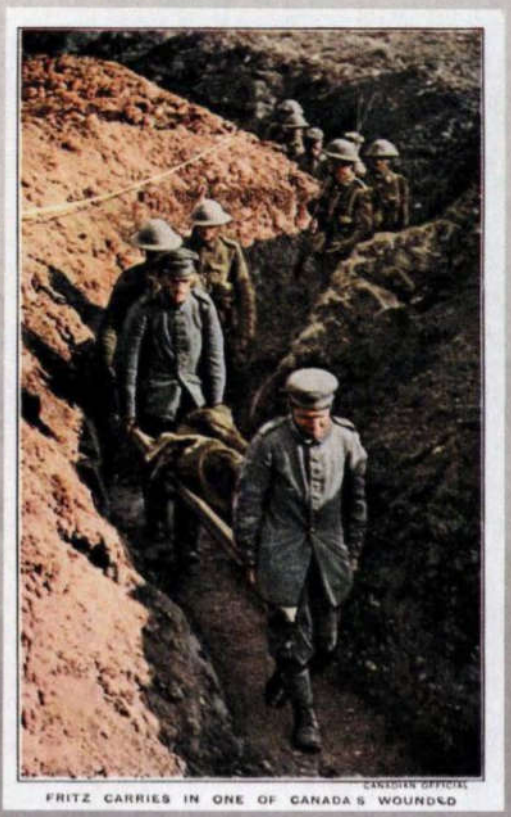
A fairly misleading postcard, as troops coming out of the line were billeted in barns, farmhouses, and villages rather than put into tents. In England some troops stayed under canvas, but in much larger tents. Most were lodged in huts.

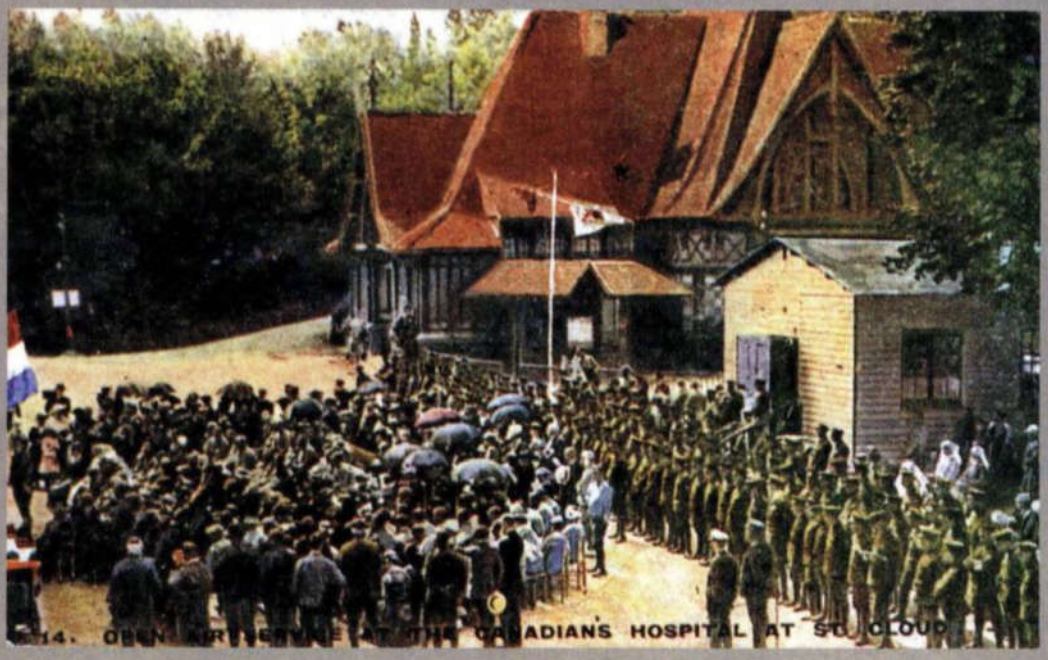
Clockwise from top left:

Wounded German prisoners of war (POWs) are treated at a Canadian Regimental Aid Post.

German POWs were often used to carry back wounded Canadian soldiers. Under the Geneva convention, prisoners could be compelled to make one journey carrying casualties while under fire. The caption reads: "Fritz carries in one of Canada's wounded."

An open-air service at the Canadian hospital at St. Cloud.





to have something of this sort to remind you of the bright or funny side of the war." As the war progressed, and the horrifying realities of Western Front warfare became more apparent, the comic postcard started to reflect the soldierly humour that had become so important as a safety valve for the troops. Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoons, which had become famous in *The Bystander*, a London weekly, invariably found their way onto postcards, as they truly captured the essence of the earthy, half-bored, half-frightened cynicism of the ordinary Tommy. Bairnsfather's pungent and uncompromising wit was so close to the mark that, at first, he was subject to official censure. Later, they gave in, and from 1916 he was attached to the War Office as an officer cartoonist. One of the best-known series of cards was produced by Bamforth's, for young ladies missing their beaus. They adapted their romantic and somewhat saccharine postcards (forerunners of greeting cards) to wartime themes, using song lyrics to evoke sentimental messages. One, entitled "Somewhere in France with You," shows a wistful young woman seated in front of the fire with the lines underneath:

I am sitting here at twilight, as the
evening shadows fail,
Gazing idly at the pipe-rack hanging
sideways on the wall;
Underneath it in the corner I can see
an empty chair,
And a pair of well-worn slippers that
are waiting for you there.
They remind me that across the seas
you have gone,
That I am left alone to carry on.

By 1915, however, the demand at home to know exactly what was going on at the front prompted the London newspapers, with ready access to official action pictures, to get into the lucrative postcard business. The most popular were the *Daily Mail*'s Official Photographs, which included some Canadian subjects. But it was the *Daily Mirror* that produced a specific line of Canadian Official postcards. However, the subject matter was always carefully chosen and many of the "battle scenes" staged. As a rule, a dead body on a First World War postcard was a rare sight, the injured were always depicted as cheerful, and German prisoners of war were always shown as being humanely treated by their captors. Favourite card subjects included the king visiting the troops at the front, brave soldiers being decorated, views of hospitals (from where many cards were written), and new weapons, such as the tank. The bestsellers were colour-tinted.

In France, three types of postcard were for sale: those printed in sombre sepias and greys, showing the devastation of French towns near the front lines; the ever-popular "dirty postcard," showing French mademoiselles in various stages of undress (not many of these were sent home); and the highly colourful, hand-embroidered silk postcards, depicting the allies or bearing slogans such as "The Maple Leaf Forever."

In an age without radio, television, fax machines, or e-mail, but with several postal deliveries each day, picture postcards were big business. The postcard companies tried to outdo each other in design and quality. Today, picture postcards of the Great War surface for sale at auctions and antique shows. Dealers and collectors will pay anywhere from 50 cents to 50 dollars for single cards or complete series. Many still lie bundled together with old letters, at the bottom of a trunk in someone's attic, just waiting to be discovered. ◆

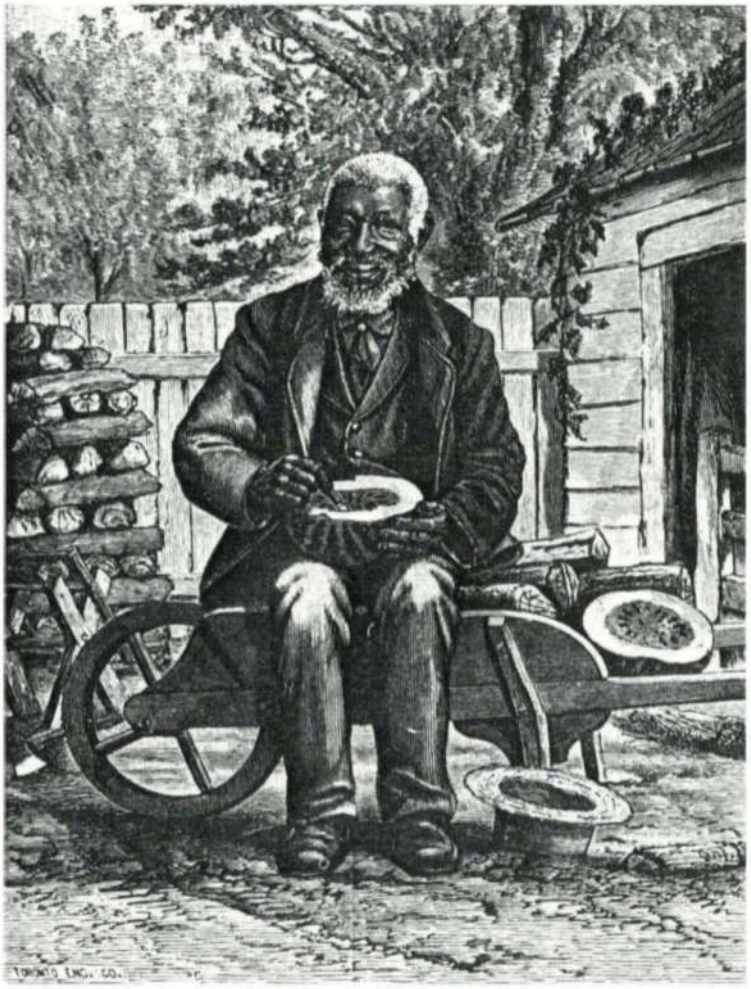
In France, many postcards printed in sombre sepias and greys showed the devastation of French towns near the Front.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ian McCulloch is the Deputy Director of History and Heritage for the Department of National Defence.

Jim Henson's Journey

From slave to free man by Peter Meyler

"He was broad-shouldered, square-built and heavy, but stood bowed low at his work, and was a coloured man, greatly advanced in years." from *Broken Shackles*, by Glenelg



This engraving of Jim Henson is from the book Broken Shackles, *which chronicles his life.*

THE LIVES OF ORDINARY PEOPLE are rarely recorded by historians. But in the late 1880s, a prominent citizen of Owen Sound, Ontario, sat down with his neighbour, an elderly black man by the name of Jim Henson. He soon discovered, like others before and after him, that an ordinary man can lead a life that encompasses extraordinary events. The story of Jim Henson, recounted here, was recorded by John Frost, a lawyer and former mayor of Owen Sound, in his book *Broken Shackles*, published in 1889 under the pseudonym "Glenelg."

John Frost and *Broken Shackles*

John Frost, the author of Broken Shackles.

The role of African Canadians has largely been ignored in the historical writings in this country. When it has been mentioned, it is usually in passing, and it is often referred to derogatorily. In 1909, *A History of Simcoe County* barely mentioned the Oro settlement, even though it was the only government-planned black settlement in Ontario, and its pioneers some of the first settlers in the county. When this book *does* mention them, the author portrays them negatively, writing, "The inhabitants of the colored settlement were constantly at loggerheads with each other or with their white neighbours." By 1980 not much had changed. The author of the War of 1812 history, *The Invasion of Canada, 1812–1813*, described the only all-black militia regiment in Canada as a "bizarre spectacle" as they fought at Queenston Heights.

The author of the book *Broken Shackles*, known as Glenelg, was not typical; he didn't appear to share the biased attitude of his fellow citizens. He talked with the local black residents and was interested in their stories. He may have used a pseudonym for the book so that he wouldn't be ridiculed for his friendship with his black neighbours. We now know that Glenelg was John Frost, a member of a prominent Owen Sound family. Glenelg is the name of a township near Owen Sound; it is also a town near Baltimore, Maryland and near the birthplace of Jim Henson, the book's subject. Frost may have chosen this pseudonym because of this coincidence.

John Frost was the eldest of nine children born to Mary and John Frost. His parents had moved the family from Bytown (now Ottawa) to Sydenham (now Owen Sound) in 1845. The elder Frost became a successful businessman as well as a magistrate. By 1868 he was also the mayor of Owen Sound.

John Jr. joined his parents in Sydenham in 1846, when he was eight years old. He attended Victoria College in Cobourg, graduating in 1862. On his return to the town now known as Owen Sound (a change it had undergone in 1857), he operated a store for 10 years. He later went to law school, and after being called to the bar in 1876, started a practice in the town. He followed in his father's footsteps by twice being chosen as mayor.

In 1852, the elder Frost received a land grant and constructed a large stone house overlooking the bay that gives Owen Sound its name. Additional dwellings, constructed later on the 51-acre estate, were home to some of the community's black residents. It is probably here that the young John Frost first spent hours listening to their stories. Sydenham had had a thriving African community since the early 1840s. Many of these residents would have been well known to the Frost family. The apple and pie seller, Mary Taylor, was a regular in the downtown market, while John "Daddy" Hall was the town crier. Hall was a familiar sight, ringing his bell and calling out notices, always ending his messages with "God Save Our Gracious Queen." Another long-time town resident, "Old Man" Henson, could be seen chopping lumber or working on the town's roads. It was he who captured Frost's attention. In 1888, writing under the name Glenelg, John started the book about his "old friend Henson, the wonder of his acquaintances on account of his age, health, strength and intelligence."

The book *Broken Shackles* has an exalted status among Ontario's African-Canadian community. For those who have managed to find a copy, it has become a treasured family heirloom. It has attained this stature because it is one of the few records that affirms the presence of blacks in this country.

Photo courtesy of County of Grey–Owen Sound Museum

Jim Henson was born Charles Chance around 1798, the son of Peggy and Sam Chance (his name change would come later in life). Charley's parents were slaves on the Garrison Forest plantation outside of Baltimore, Maryland. It was owned by Richard Croxall, one of Maryland's leading figures. As recounted in *Broken Shackles*, Croxall had been involved in the discussions regarding independence in Maryland before the American Revolution. Mrs. Croxall was an aunt of the future president, James Buchanan; the family also had connections to the future governor of Maryland, Charles Ridgely. On the 3,000-acre Garrison Forest plantation, Croxall raised horses, cattle, sheep, and slaves. The 150 slaves grew tobacco, corn, rye, flax, hemp, and wheat.

The Chance family led a relatively stable life on the plantation, full of rich family relationships. Sam and Peggy had 10 children, and a number of Sam's relatives also lived there. Charley's maternal grandmother, Chandesia, lived close by.

We can imagine Charley and the other grandchildren gathered round Chandesia as she told them stories of her homeland. She proudly told of her father, Middobo, who had been a chief in the African territory of Baguirmi, located between the Niger River and the headwaters of the Nile, on the river Chari. During an attack by slave traders, Middobo was killed, and his wife and daughter Chandesia captured. The captives were forced to carry burdens during the slavers' six-month-long journey. During the march, Chandesia's mother died. After reaching the Guinea coast, the young girl was sold, along with half of the 1,000 captives in the caravan, to a slave trader, who shipped them to the British colonies in America. Chandesia told her grandchildren of arriving in Baltimore during a snowstorm, the first snow she had ever seen. She was quickly sold into a life of slavery. Eventually she married and had children, one of whom was Charley's mother, Peggy.

Sheldon Place, John Frost's home, overlooked houses of many black residents of Owen Sound.

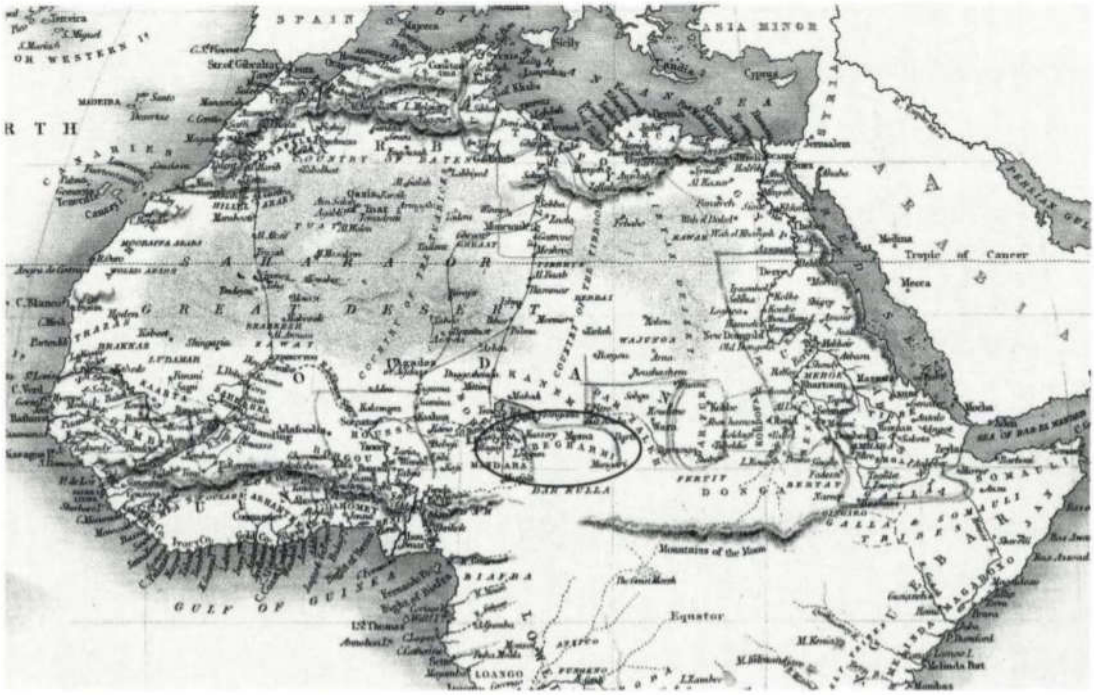
Chandesia always maintained her regal bearing in the face of slavery, even though she received many whippings for it. Later, while reminiscing to her grandchildren, she estimated that she had received at least 2,000 lashes during her servitude.

When Charley was a young boy, his owner Richard Croxall died, and Mrs. Croxall took over the running of the plantation. She pared back its operations but would not sell any of the 150 slaves, preferring to hire them out so that they would not be separated from their families and friends. Then, when Charley was 11 years old, the "old Missis," as Mrs. Croxall was known, died. At the sale of the plantation's assets, a number of slave traders were ready to bid on the human chattel that would be coming onto the market. Mrs. Croxall's will, however, revealed a surprise. In it, she decreed that all of the slaves over 35 years of age be set free immediately, while all others would be freed when they reached the age of 35. Each freed man was to receive $100 and each freed woman $50 to help them in their new lives. Charley's two youngest sisters, Fanny and Susy, were also freed, and his brother Sam went to the executor of the will. The remaining slaves, who didn't qualify, came under the care of James Croxall Sr., a nephew of Mrs. Croxall.

Charley's life of stability was over; it now started to follow the vagaries typical of slave life. When Charley was about 14 years old, James Sr. died. Charley came under the care of the executor of the will, a Mr. Howard, who was to keep him until the beneficiary, James Jr., turned 21.

Howard had a flour mill at a place called Gwinne's Falls and wanted Charley to learn the business. However, the Scottish miller didn't want to teach a "nigger" the trade. He resented Charley and beat him at any opportunity. Charley persevered and *did* learn. He enjoyed working as a miller, and his strength and size became well known in the area. He was said to be able to hold three 56-pound weights in each hand, although he was only a teenager.

In 1813, during the War of 1812, a number of black Canadian prisoners who had been captured by American soldiers passed by Gwinne's Falls on their way to Washington. This caused a great deal of excitement – they had come all the way from Canada! Charley managed to have a short conversation with a man named John Hall, who informed him that the whole party, which included most of his relatives, had been taken in a battle at the Canard River near Amherstburg, Upper Canada.



The African territory of Baguirmi (spelled Baghermi on this 1851 map) was the homeland of Henson's grandmother Chandesia, who was captured by slavers and brought to America. The territory falls roughly in the area of the present-day prefecture of Chari-Baguirmi, in the southwest corner of Chad.

In 1816, Charley received bad news. He had been sold and would have to leave the mill work he so enjoyed. His new owner was Orrick Ridgely, first cousin of the governor of Maryland and husband of his original owner's niece.

Three years after his sale, Ridgely took Charley into northern Kentucky to help him with some work. Near Flemingsburg, Charley saw someone he recognized—it was John Hall. The amazement they felt on meeting each other quickly turned to delight. Charley asked his master for permission to visit John's home on the Haskill plantation. Here Charley learned more about John and his family.

Hall and his family were part Indian and part African and had fought under the great Shawnee leader Tecumseh. Now, to their American captors, they were just pieces of property because of the colour of their skin.

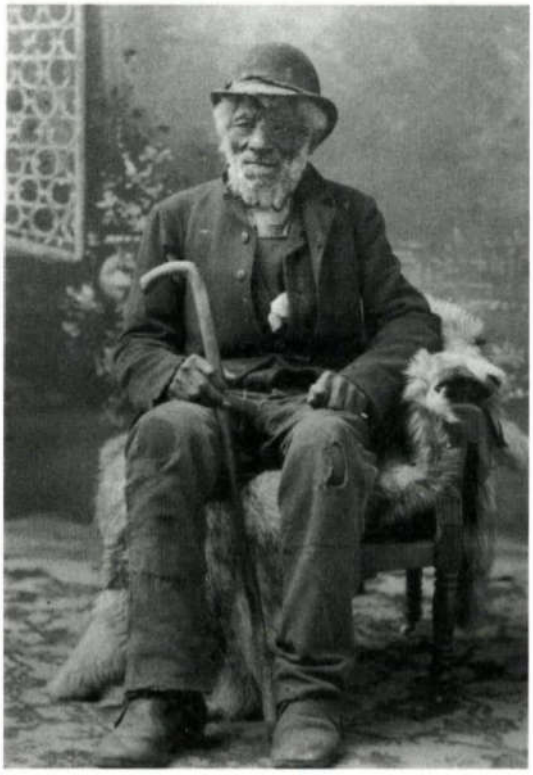
John had acted as a scout for Tecumseh, travelling between Detroit and the Niagara River during the War of 1812. At a battle by Stoney Creek, he had been bayoneted in the leg. Later, in the skirmish by the Canard River, John and 11 members of his family were captured by a Captain Catlett. He marched his prisoners from Upper Canada to Washington (it was then that John and Charley first met) and then to Frederick County, near Winchester, Virginia. After the war, they were not released as other prisoners were, but kept as slaves. Catlett lost all of his possessions around 1818, including his slaves. John was sold to a man in Kentucky named Haskill (which is where Charley ran into him for the second time) and his family scattered, never to be seen again.

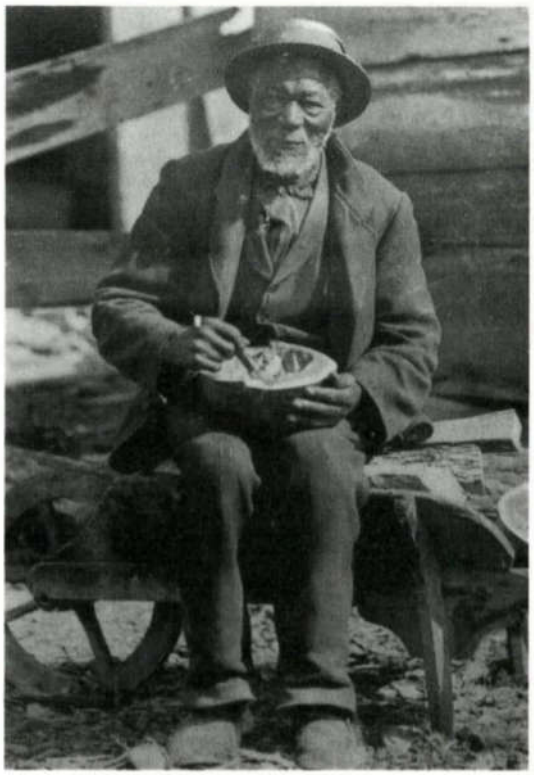
The day after the visit, Charley met Ridgely and returned to Maryland.

In 1826, at the age of 28, Charley was sold to a Baltimore lawyer named W. H. Freeman. Unfortunately, on the bill of sale, his age was noted as 26, which meant that his promised freedom at the age of 35 was pushed back by two years.

Freeman was a kind master. During his ownership, Charley fell in love with Emily, a 20-year-old slave, and his life was full of joy. He asked her to marry him, and with the approval of Freeman, they were married. When the minister introduced the newlyweds as Mr. and Mrs. Chance to the wedding guests, Charley recalled that "this was the first time I was ever called Mr. Chance, and I had lived twenty-nine years then, and it made me feel very grand."

After his marriage, Charley negotiated to buy his freedom from Freeman for $350. Faced with the problem of how to raise such money, he approached a stablemaster named Barton and offered to work. He explained why he needed to earn the money. Barton, however, on hearing of the low price that Freeman was asking for the slave, devised a plan of his own. He visited Freeman and told him Charley was dissatisfied with the lawyer's ownership, then offered to buy the slave for the $350. A deal was made. Charley was greatly upset when he learned of Barton's ruse. He had now changed ownership five times: twice by means of wills and three times by way of sale. But this was the worst situation ever, as he was





Photos courtesy of County of Grey–Owen Sound Museum

Left: John Hall, Henson's friend, was town crier in Owen Sound. Right: This photograph of Jim Henson, taken by William Craig, became well known.

now the property of a dishonest man. Any hope of receiving his promised freedom left him. He started to plan his escape.

Eight months after the sale to Barton, Charley was ready. Emily wouldn't even consider leaving, however, so with the help of a local Quaker, Charley made his escape alone. He eventually found his way to Columbia in Pennsylvania, a free state. To avoid detection, he called himself Jim Brown.

With the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Act in 1850, Jim, a fugitive slave, could now be picked up by any person who wanted to earn some bounty money.

One day, while chopping wood, Charley was approached by a strange man. To his great surprise, it was his brother, Cornelius. At first, Charley didn't believe it; after all, Cornelius had escaped slavery 14 years before and hadn't been heard of since. But after comparing family backgrounds, Charley was persuaded that it was actually his long-lost brother, and they sprang into each other's arms. Cornelius took Charley home, where he received a warm welcome from Cornelius's wife, Mary, and their four sons. Charley learned that Cornelius was now known as William Henson, a name he had acquired from the uncle of a Dutchman he had worked for. In honour of his newly found brother, Charley decided to change his last name. From then on he was known as Jim Henson.

For several years, Jim lived between Pennsylvania and New Jersey, working as a farmhand. In 1832, he learned of his wife Emily's death. Several years later, he met and married Catherine Truitt, a free woman living in New Jersey. They led a good life in New Jersey, raising three children in their own house on three acres of property. The Hensons picked huckleberries in season for the Philadelphia market. Jim worked as a farmhand and in the pits mining marl for fertilizer. The family later moved to Philadelphia. Jim kept busy whitewashing in the spring, working in the fields during harvest time, and later, threshing grain with his flail. During the bathing season, Jim and Kate worked at Cape May and Miller's Island, where they were able to make a good income.

However, with the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Act in 1850, a dark cloud crossed Jim's horizon. Jim, a fugitive slave, could now be picked up by any person who wanted to earn some bounty money. Jim and his family made their way to Toronto, stopping first in Lockport, New York, where Catherine had family.

Life in Toronto was hard; Catherine managed to find work making shirts at a shilling a piece while Jim made brooms and baskets. The children

Jim Henson's world.

caught smallpox, and the couple's middle child died. The following spring, Catherine returned to Lockport with their youngest daughter, while Jim remained in Toronto, with their 14-year-old daughter keeping house.

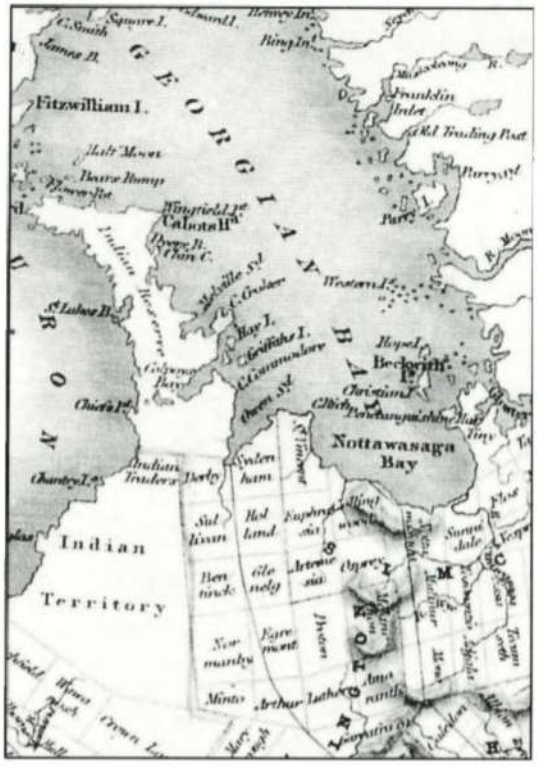
Eventually the Hensons' money ran out, and it was time for another difficult decision. Back in Lockport, Jim and Catherine decided to split up. Catherine had an inheritance as well as the property in New Jersey to go back to. Jim, still a fugitive slave, decided to stay in Lockport with Catherine's family, as he couldn't afford to get back to Canada.

Around 1853, after living in Lockport for two years, Jim heard Chauncey Simmons, a black from Canada, extolling the virtues of moving there. The Crown was providing land grants in Artemesia Township in Grey County, 120 kilometres northwest of Toronto. Simmons described it as "the finest country I ever clapt my eyes onto, and reminds me of what the paradise of our first parents must have been." Simmons received a number of volunteers to accompany him to this promised land, with Jim one of the first to sign up.

When he arrived in the township, Jim found a community of approximately 300 black residents. A three-mile stretch of the main road was occupied completely by African settlers. When Simmons and Henson reached the land office, the local Crown land agent informed them that the last lot had been given away two weeks previously. (The agent's story couldn't have been true, since Europeans continued to settle there into the 1860s.) There was Jim, with no land and no money. He found work chopping wood and helping with farm chores to keep himself going.

In 1854, Chauncey Simmons and Jim headed for Sydenham, soon to be known as Owen Sound, where prospects for work were better. They arrived in the growing town on St. Patrick's Day and obtained apartments in a cedar-log house near the corner of Poulet and Main Streets, downtown. Reverend John Neelands, who owned the building, had helped many newly arrived African Americans settle into their new community. After years as a slave, moving from owner to owner, and as an escaped slave, moving toward freedom, Jim, now a man of 56, had finally found a place where he was safe.

Soon after his arrival in Owen Sound, Jim again ran into his past—in the person of his old acquaintance John Hall. Jim learned that John had escaped slavery, and had almost drowned crossing the Ohio River, finally reaching his old home, Amherstburg. On discovering there were no friends or relatives left there, however, John made his way to Owen Sound, where he knew he



Owen Sound and area, c. 1850.

would find both African and Ojibwa residents. From that chance reunion grew a lifelong friendship. Jim and John became fixtures in Owen Sound. John Hall was the town crier for 50 years, while the bent shape of Jim could be seen working around town.

One day, during a break from chopping wood outside of Ben Hopkins's butcher shop, Jim was approached by a local photographer, William Craig, who took his picture. The photograph shows Jim sitting on his wheelbarrow eating a watermelon. (The story of Old Man Henson enjoying his watermelon is still known among the present-day African-Canadian residents in Owen Sound.) Jim sold copies of the photograph around town. Eventually, one of them found its way into the hands of an American Methodist Episcopal Church minister from the United States; it was somehow seen by one of Jim's relatives. In the summer of 1888 a letter from Milford, New Jersey, arrived in Owen Sound. It read:

Dear Uncle James:

It is with the greatest pleasure I write informing you of the people of Milford. Those that are living are well. Uncle Stephen gave us your address. I will tell you who this is writing to you. It is Major Truitt's daughter who writes to tell you about the people of old Milford. Father is an old man now, not able to do anything much. Mother is living and is well, and both send their love to you. We live in the same place yet. A great many of the folks are dead and gone.... Your daughters Comfort and Rose are both dead.... Aunt Catherine, your wife is still living. She was very low last winter; we thought she would have gone before now. Aunt Isabella is living, and is well. Aunt Catherine is living with her. They live in a little village called Wrightsville. Please write to them, for Aunt Catherine is nearly wild to hear from you. Her address is Cinnamon P. O., Burlington Co., N.J.

I do hope you are making preparations to make the blessed shore, so that if those who have seen you should never see you again in this world, they will see you on the other side of the River Jordan.

Please write soon, as we are anxious to hear from you, and we want you to come here and live with us. May God bless you is the desire of your niece.

Julia Truitt

Broken Shackles ends in 1888 with Jim, then 90 years old, still living in Owen Sound. We know from later writings that he received more correspondence from relatives in the States. We know also that he reunited with his wife in Philadelphia after 40 years of separation. It is believed he died there.

The life of Jim Henson is like other ordinary lives – rich with experience, yet often ignored by historians. Yet John Frost took the time to listen so many years ago. For this, Canadians owe him a huge debt. ◆

This memorial on the Old Durham Road in Artemesia Township commemorates early African-Canadian settlers of the area. It is located on the site of their graveyard, which was plowed under earlier this century.

Peter Meyler, a writer and graphic designer from Orangeville, Ontario, is completing a book on the life of Richard Pierpont, one of Ontario's first black United Empire Loyalists.

The Great Canadian Dinosaur Rush *by Stephen R. Bown*

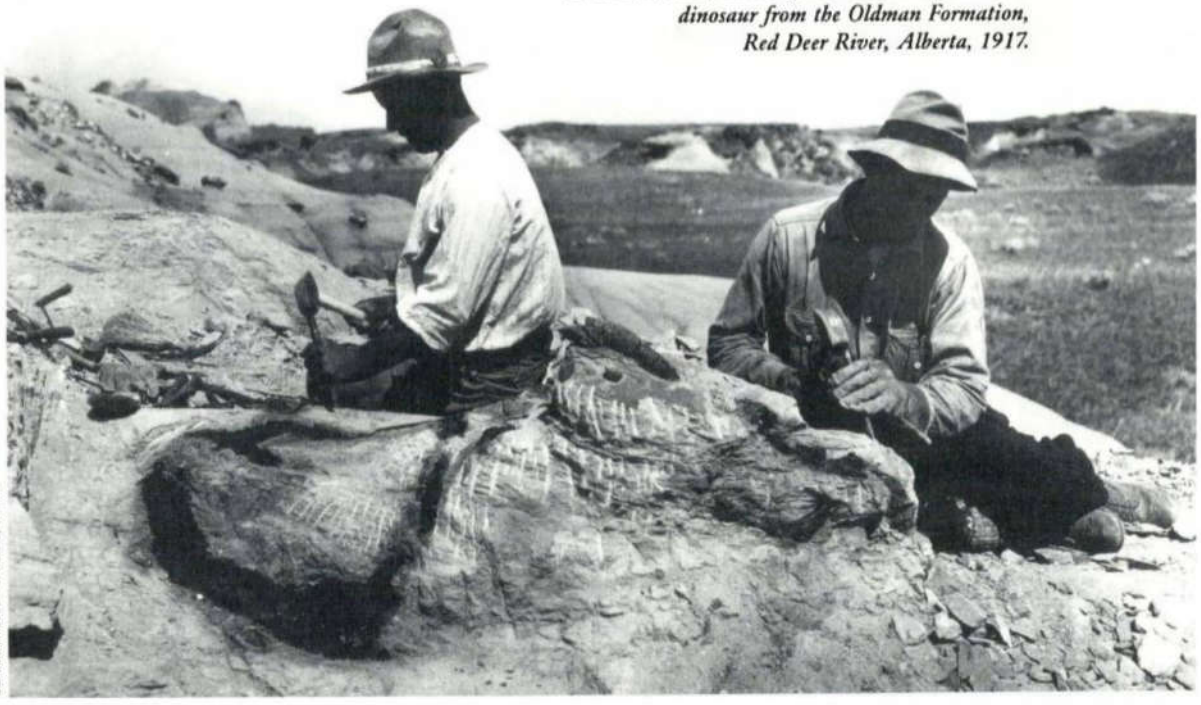
In the early years of this century, competition was fierce between Canada and the United States for the ancient bones that were buried in the Alberta badlands.

Canadian Museum of Nature, Ottawa

Charles H. Sternberg, fossil hunter, 1911.

"THE SKULL IS ABOUT THREE FEET LONG, with all the teeth in place; they are four to five inches in length, slightly recurved, with flattened sides, double edged, with serrated margins. Fierce, indeed, must he have looked, when he slunk upon his prey, his eyes flashing cruelly, with glistening teeth and forked tongue.... So I picture him when I try to put life into his old dry bones." *Gorgosaurus Libratus*—the fierce-looking, easily balanced carnivorous dinosaur—was one of Charles H. Sternberg's finest finds when he spied it in a partially eroded hillside in the Alberta badlands in 1912.

Charles M. Sternberg (left), and his assistant, G. E. Lindbald, chiselling out the skull of a horned dinosaur from the Oldman Formation, Red Deer River, Alberta, 1917.



Canadian Museum of Nature, Ottawa

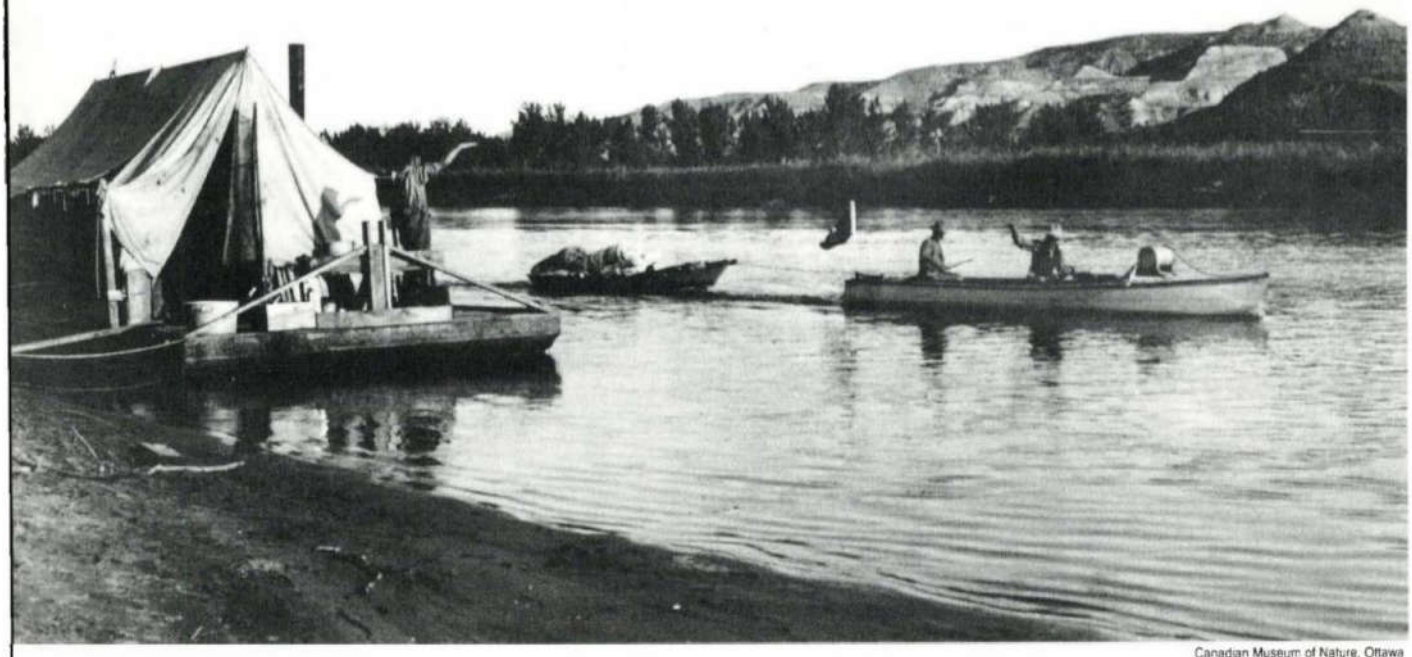
Sternberg, one of the most famous freelance fossil finders of the golden age of paleontology, prospected for prehistoric bones along the shores of the Red Deer River with his three sons, George, Charles M., and Levi between 1911 and 1918. He actively competed with Barnum Brown of the American Museum of Natural History during what has become known as "the great Canadian dinosaur rush" (1911–1919). For nine years the region was the site of a race to unearth new specimens of prehistoric life.

During the latter quarter of the nineteenth century, the search for preserved prehistoria progressed at a frenzied pace in the western United States. Dinosaurs were big news – partly because they were not completely accepted by the scientific community, partly because their discovery challenged standard beliefs concerning the age of the world, and partly because new discoveries were being made consistently enough to engage the public. The quantity and quality of specimens which were collected and presented for display across the United States and Europe during this time was immense; many of the best-preserved fossil skeletons came from this period.

By the early twentieth century, however, most of the major bone beds in the U.S. had been discovered, excavated, and plundered. Although many of these fossil fields have continued to yield treasures enough to delight modern paleontologists, the freelance bone hunters of the golden age needed prime specimens and new species to generate the interest and sponsorship necessary to increase their reputations and to earn their livings.

Barnum Brown of the American Museum of Natural History, perhaps the most prolific and one of the most respected fossil collectors of the early twentieth century, spurred by tales of Alberta's unplundered badlands bone beds, led an expedition down the Red Deer River "scanning the cliffs for sleeping monsters" in 1910. Alberta, although a Canadian province since 1905, was still very much a frontier, dominated by vast cattle ranches and small, isolated farming communities. There were no roads into the fossil zone, and the nearest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway terminated in Drumheller.

Navigating the Red Deer by raft was the most efficient and feasible means to enter the heart of dinosaur country. Brown's huge raft, which was "capable of carrying ten tons with safety," was outfitted with both sleeping tents and a "kitchen." Charles H. Sternberg and his sons used a combination of raft, motorboat, and wagon on their expeditions between 1912 and 1917, and the Sternberg sons continued to use a raft on other expeditions in the 1920s and 1930s. As a floating base camp, it was so useful that it became the standard method of prospecting the badlands until roads were constructed much later in the twentieth century.



Charles H. Sternberg and George F. Sternberg setting out to explore Dead Lodge Canyon along the Red Deer River. On this trip the elder Sternberg discovered the skull of the horned dinosaur **Styrocosaurus.**

Canadian Museum of Nature, Ottawa

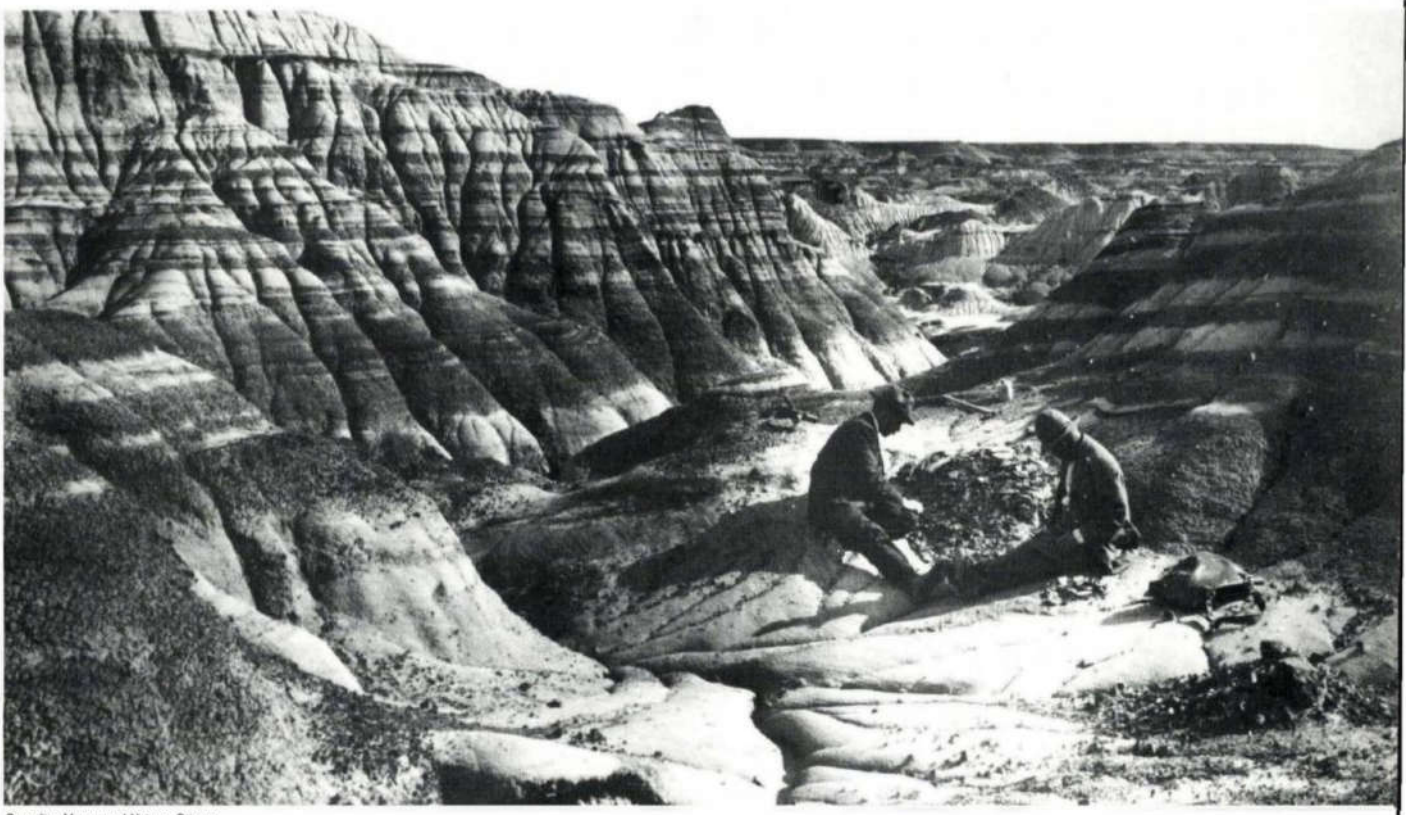
From their floating bone barge, Brown and his hunters ranged into the eerie, cactus-covered hoodoo fields searching for their prey. "Supplied with a season's provisions, lumber for boxes, and plaster for encasing bones," Brown recorded, "we began our fossil cruise down a canyon that once echoed songs of the 'Bois Brulé,' for this river was at one time the home of many fur-bearing animals within the Hudson Bay Company territory." Brown's first fossil foray was evidently a jaunty affair, despite the hardship and potential disaster. Over the course of the summer, his team scoured the crumbling badlands cliffs for bones, which were easily visible protruding from the baked clay along the riverbank. They then dutifully loaded their barge to capacity with burlap-bandaged specimens before returning south with their precious cargo.

After the first field season, Brown knew his expedition was worth the effort. He later speculated that the high bone yield was because the "rains rapidly wash away the soft, friable clays, eroding the hillsides like organ pipes and exposing the fossil bones." Between 1910 and 1911, Brown collected an impressive array of fossil dinosaurs, some which had never been discovered and many which advanced the study of vertebrate paleontology. According to a report by the Royal Ontario Museum in 1968, Brown's intensive excavations between 1910 and 1915 in no small part "made it possible for the American Museum of Natural History to set up the finest display of Cretaceous dinosaurs in the world."

Brown was perhaps too successful. In Canada, tales of his exploits were well known, but so was the knowledge that he worked for the American Museum of Natural History, and that all his excavated treasures were being shipped directly to New York. Concern in Canada was that foreign collectors were plundering a unique aspect of Canada's valuable, and perhaps limited, natural heritage. Although the Canadian government was well aware of Brown's activities, regulations governing heritage protection were almost nonexistent at the time, making a legal prohibition a complicated process. Public pressure provided the political justification to fund a Geological Survey of Canada expedition to compete with the Americans.

Concern in Canada was that foreign collectors were plundering a unique aspect of Canada's valuable, and perhaps limited, natural heritage... regulations governing heritage protection were almost nonexistent at the time.

Unfortunately, there were no Canadian experts qualified for the work. But luckily for the Geological Survey and concerned Canadians,



Lawrence Lambe (left) and Charles H. Sternberg, collecting in the stratified Oldman Formation along the Red Deer River, 1912.

Canadian Museum of Nature, Ottawa

Charles H. Sternberg, a freelance dinosaur hunter with a reputation equal or greater to Barnum Brown's, was working in Ottawa with his son George, preparing a skeleton for the Canadian Museum of Natural Science (a skeleton, coincidentally that the Sternbergs, father and sons, had unearthed in the western United States). Dr. R. W. Brock, Head of the Geological Survey, immediately enlisted his services as Chief Collector and Preparator of Vertebrate Fossils with plans, for a 1912 field season.

Sternberg "found quarry after quarry where the bones had been piled up as flotsam by some ancient tide, that for ages had ceased to beat upon this land."

Charles H. Sternberg's career as a fossil collector already spanned over four decades in 1912. Born in 1850 in New York, he moved west with his family to Iowa and later Kansas, where at the age of 17 he began collecting fossilized leaves in the Kansas chalk beds. In 1870 he sold his first collection to the United States National Museum (later the Smithsonian Institution). It must have been a formative event, because he later wrote in his (first) autobiography, *Life of a Fossil Hunter* (1909), that "at the age of seventeen, therefore, I made up my mind what part I should play in life, and determined that whatever it might cost me in privation, danger, and solitude, I would make it my business to collect facts from the crust of the earth."

Sternberg persisted in his peculiar career choice, eventually studying for a year at the Kansas State Agricultural College in 1875. From there he spent four years working as a collector for the famous vertebrate paleontologist, Edward Drinker Cope, learning the trade of a dinosaur hunter on the western frontier of the United States. For most of the 1880s and the 1890s, he honed his skills as a fossil hunter, scouring the continent for prehistoric treasures. During this time, he earned his living almost exclusively from dinosaur prospecting, and preparing and mounting the skeletons. Although he had no formal scientific training, by the early twentieth century Sternberg's reputation as a fossil collector was second to none. His fossils were actively sought by museums throughout North America and Europe. When he was hired by the Geological Survey of Canada, he was 62 years old and at the height of his career and fame.

Sternberg and his sons worked in close proximity to the American crew led by Barnum Brown for four years, until the end of the 1915 field season. Their rivalry was always friendly, but certainly intense, as each group tried to discover the prime specimens in a region with potentially limited treasures. The hunting, fortunately, was consistently excellent; Sternberg reported that he "found quarry after quarry where the bones had been piled up as flotsam by some ancient tide, that for ages had ceased to beat upon this land."

Barnum Brown and associates hoisting a bandaged bone with a simple tripod-and-pulley system.

19488. Brown / American Museum of Natural History

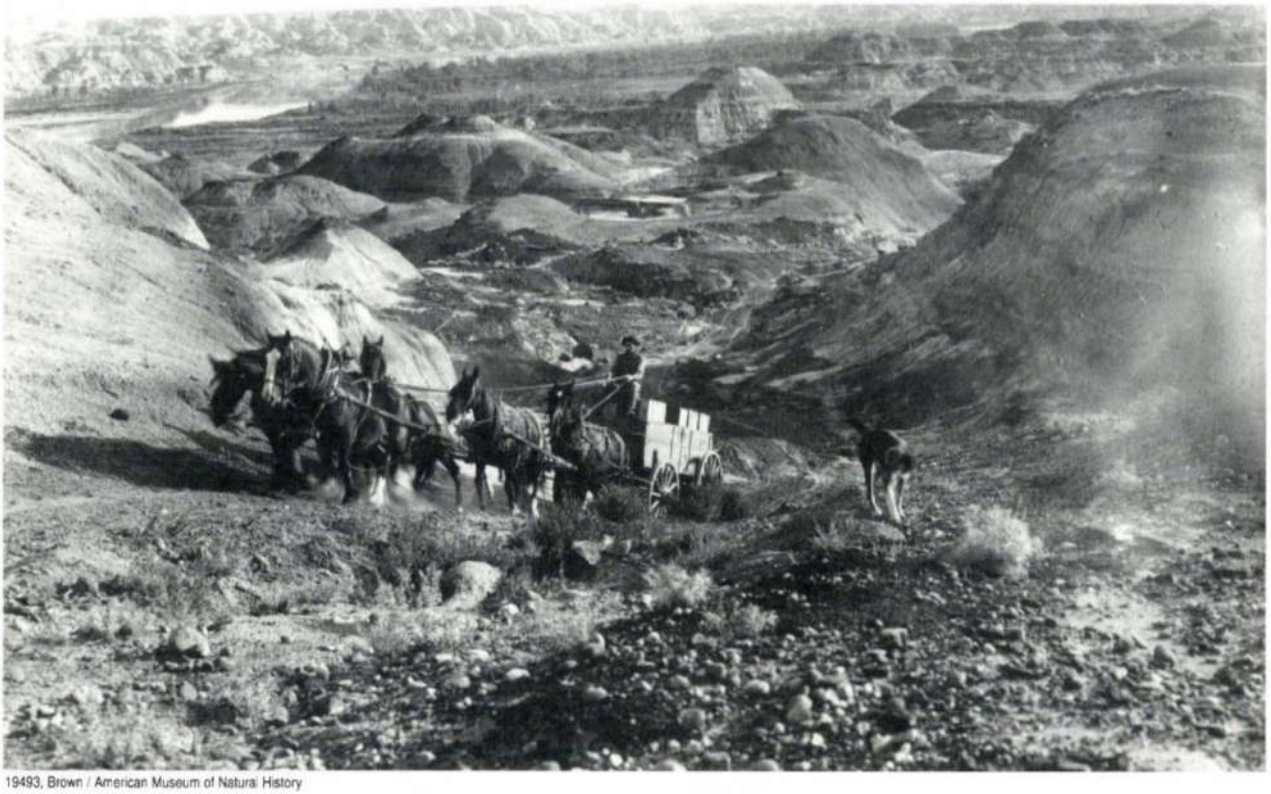
Sternberg and Brown excavated and removed hundreds of fossils during their time in the badlands, including many new varieties of duck-billed and horned dinosaurs, excellent examples of dinosaur skin, and the magnificent remains of the carnivorous *Gorgosaurus Libratus* of which Sternberg was so proud.

Dinosaur fossils were discovered then, as now, by continuously hiking and rehiking the barren terrain, searching for an exposed bone or abnormal protrusion. It was hard, dirty, hot work, much of it tedious and frustrating. Sternberg later recorded that he "searched over miles and miles of badlands, week after week, and [I] was completely exhausted at night, after a day's unsuccessful hunt. There is no work so trying, as that of clinging hour after hour to steep ascents, and searching every inch of exposed surface, in and out among the winding slopes."

In many cases the greatest difficulty of the dinosaur hunter was boredom. Even the imaginative Sternberg ruefully admitted that "the hardest work of all was to tramp over the burning beds without success." Added to the boredom was danger, as Sternberg noted with his trademark dramatic flair: "The slopes were covered with cherty fragments that rolled under the feet, threatening to hurl the adventurous fossil hunter into the gorge below." As far as we know, however, neither Sternberg, Brown, nor any of their crew were hurled to their doom while collecting in Alberta.

Camp life in the largely uninhabited badlands was not luxurious by modern standards. As there were no roads through the badlands canyon and no towns nearby (only a few lonely ranches and supply depots), almost all supplies for a season had to be hauled over the prairie by horse-drawn cart or floated downstream by raft. And outdoor equipment of 80 years ago was not lightweight and portable – it was constructed of durable but heavy canvas and metal, which greatly limited the luxuries on a prolonged expedition. A final aggravation, according to Brown, was "the mosquitoes, which last year flocked to anything that moved, in numbers that I hesitate to estimate." Only the face nets and constantly burning fires kept the incessant pests at bay while the hunters pursued their quarry.

Just as food and supplies had to be hauled into the distant fossil zone, the dinosaur remains had to be removed. Because of the primitive field conditions, prospectors left the fine, detailed work for the laboratory, shipping the raw specimens from the canyon still surrounded in tons of rock, not an easy task without roads or modern equipment. (By comparison, dinosaur remains excavated in the badlands today are frequently flown out by helicopter.) First the bones had to be excavated, or in some cases blasted, from the surrounding earth. Brown reported on one occasion that "to secure the specimen, the whole face of the hillside was blasted off, making a cut 30 feet long, 40 feet high, and 20 feet back into



19493, Brown / American Museum of Natural History

Members of the Barnum expedition hauling bones from the Red Deer River Valley.

the hill, before all of the bones of this specimen were secured." Dynamite, thankfully, is no longer an accepted excavating tool for priceless paleontological remains.

After blasting or picking the stone base and wrapping the fossil in plaster-soaked burlap for preservation (a technique pioneered by Sternberg in the 1870s which is still used by paleontologists today), the weighty but valuable dinosaur carcasses were hoisted into the air with a makeshift tripod, loaded into a sturdy horse-drawn cart, and dragged from the canyon. In some cases a large portion of a dinosaur could weigh over two tons. Once, according to Sternberg "when they hauled the sections out it was along a ridge so narrow that if the horse had balked or a wheel had slipped, they would have been dashed to pieces in the gorge below." Still, despite the problems of excavating, and the rough camp life, many of the finest dinosaur skeletons managed to survive their resurrection and are on display around the world – a surprisingly high survival rate considering the rude techniques and potential disasters.

Despite the problems of excavating, many of the finest dinosaur skeletons managed to survive their resurrection and are on display around the world.

Although the badlands never ran short of prime fossil specimens, the "golden age" of dinosaur hunting in Alberta ended in 1916 when the Canadian government stopped funding Sternberg's expeditions. The funding was cancelled for political, not scientific, reasons. After five years of scouring the bone beds, Brown and the American Museum of Natural History finally decided to seek new hunting grounds, eliminating the political pressure to maintain a Canadian team. As well, World War I was a pressing concern, and hunting for the remains of extinct creatures did not even remotely aid the war effort. But the final blow to the Canadian dinosaur rush was the fire that burned down the Parliament Buildings in February 1916. After the fire, Parliament was temporarily relocated to the Victoria Memorial Museum (National Museum of Nature), which had housed the Geological Survey. Organizing dinosaur-hunting expeditions on the frontier took second place to running the nation's business, and the operations of the Geological Survey were shuffled to the basement. Without funding for an additional field season, Sternberg, who always preferred the field to the laboratory, resigned.

Sternberg's resignation and the simultaneous departure of Barnum Brown (who never returned to excavate in Canada) ended the most intensive period of excavation in the Canadian badlands, but it did not herald the end of the Sternbergs' relationship to Alberta or Canada. Charles H. Sternberg continued to prospect in Alberta for two more years with his son Levi, this time under contract with the British Museum of Natural History. His other sons, George and Charles M., remained with the Geological Survey in Ottawa. Charles M. Sternberg was eventually transferred to the National Museum of Canada and became a well-respected vertebrate paleontologist in his own right, while Levi moved to Toronto and worked for years in the vertebrate paleontology division of the Royal Ontario Museum. Charles H. Sternberg spent his final years living alternately with Charles M. in Ottawa and Levi in Toronto. He died there in 1943 at the age of 93.

During their heyday on the Red Deer River, the Sternbergs and Brown hauled away some of the best Cretaceous dinosaur remains ever unearthed, excavating a good number of the skeletons which have made the Alberta badlands famous. While Brown's treasures all departed the country for New York, Sternberg's remained in Canada – many are still on display at the National Museum of Science in Ottawa and other Canadian institutions. In part because of this early field work, the badlands region is now a provincial park, a UNESCO World Heritage Site, and a protected paleontological preserve, covering over 73 kilometres along the Red Deer River.

Dinosaur fossils are still discovered and excavated in abundance here, although not by freelance bone hunters. Nor do excavated fossils go to the highest bidder; they remain the property of the Canadian government. (Even entrance to the preserve is restricted to guided tours.) Access roads, air-conditioned vehicles, and field-research stations have replaced the cumbersome rafts, horsecarts, and primitive excavation tools of the golden age. Hunting dinosaurs is now more a routine than an adventure; little is left to chance. Perhaps the only similarity between the days of the great Canadian dinosaur rush and the modern age is the mysterious, haunted landscape of the Red Deer River valley, complete with pestering clouds of mosquitoes – a consistent reminder that, although technology has rendered the job of the dinosaur hunter more prosaic, something of the past still remains. ◆

Stephen R. Bown is an Ottawa-based freelance writer. As a child he and his brothers discovered an old bison bone in Dinosaur Provincial Park and were awarded by the park interpreter an "important" certificate for "Helping to Uncover the Secrets of the Past."

Sointula

OF HARMONY AND TURMOIL

For many newcomers to Canada, the new world represented not just an escape from repression and ugliness, but the possibility of realizing a new social vision. Sointula, a tiny utopian colony of Finnish immigrants, was led by a visionary and founded on the ideals of harmony and self-reliance. But when the dream succumbed to reality and the whims of an increasingly erratic leader, the community faced poverty, misfortune, and extinction. Yet against these odds, it survived.

Sointula Museum

A political meeting in Viipurin, Finland, 1899. From left to right: K. K. Nord, Matti Kurikka, J. A. Lyly, E. J. Roini, and Austin Makela. The friendship between Kurikka and Makela went back to their newspaper days in Finland. It became increasingly strained as their visions for Sointula clashed, and ended when Kurikka left the colony and Makela became its new leader.

by Trudy Duivenvoorden Mitic

Idealism is the only realism.
–Matthew Halton

The incessant tides of change have been washing over the shores of social history since the beginning of recorded time. As years turn into decades, and decades into centuries, the pebbles of heritage and sands of ritual are perpetually upturned to reveal new philosophies, new adaptations, and new systems for leadership in the elusive quest for a better life. Whether this change is embraced, employed with caution, or forcibly imposed, history has shown that social structure is generally able to adjust and continue on its evolutionary journey.

For those who find the tides insufferable, there are distant shores to migrate to, shores where the structure of a new society is still malleable. Such were the beginnings of Sointula, the tiny "Colony of Harmony" situated on Malcolm Island in the Johnstone Strait on Canada's West Coast.

For centuries Finland had been a pawn in a series of aggressive struggles between Sweden and Russia. When Finland was finally ceded to Russia in 1809, the Finns were granted their own government, army, and freedom of language. For a time life stabilized. However, in the late 1800s, Russia cast off its paternal benevolence and assumed control of the Finnish legislation, declared Russian the official language, censored the press, and introduced conscription. For the Finns, who had glimpsed the potential of their own national and cultural growth, these acts of repression were intolerable. In 1882 they began emigrating to many parts of the world, including Canada.

By 1890, a group of Finns had settled in Nanaimo on Vancouver Island to work in the coal mines owned by the prominent millionaire, James Dunsmuir. Conditions both under and above ground were dismal at best and treacherous

Sointula Museum

Sointula settlers, 1902.

at worst. Dunsmuir was a ruthless entrepreneur; profit was his bottom line. Operating on the logic that his work force would not pose a threat as long as they remained divided and disorganized, he injected considerable chaos into their lives by, among other things, encouraging local breweries to make daily deliveries to his settlements. He further promoted drunkenness by allowing miners to charge liquor purchases against monthly wages.

Disillusioned and weary of Dunsmuir's abuse, many Finns left the mines and began discussing plans for their own utopian community. When a visitor arrived from Australia bearing pamphlets written by Finnish expatriate and utopian idealist Matti Kurikka, this notion was affirmed. In 1900, they invited Kurikka to come to Canada as leader of the quest for a new beginning.

Matti Kurikka had left Finland the year before, having found the Russian regime incorrigible and increasingly at odds with his own socialistic ideals. He had been acclaimed as an author, playwright, and journalist who had written extensively about socialism, class struggle, the value and dignity of work, equal status for women, the need for universal suffrage, and the church. He preached love, peace, and harmony with nature, and railed wholeheartedly against organized religion. He spoke of Christianity in damning terms (yet paradoxically espoused Christ as the ultimate socialist).

At age 36, Kurikka set out to build a Finnish utopia in Australia. But within the year he found himself working in a factory, exhausted, his dream evaporated, his followers scattered. When the timely invitation came from Nanaimo, he was quick to respond.

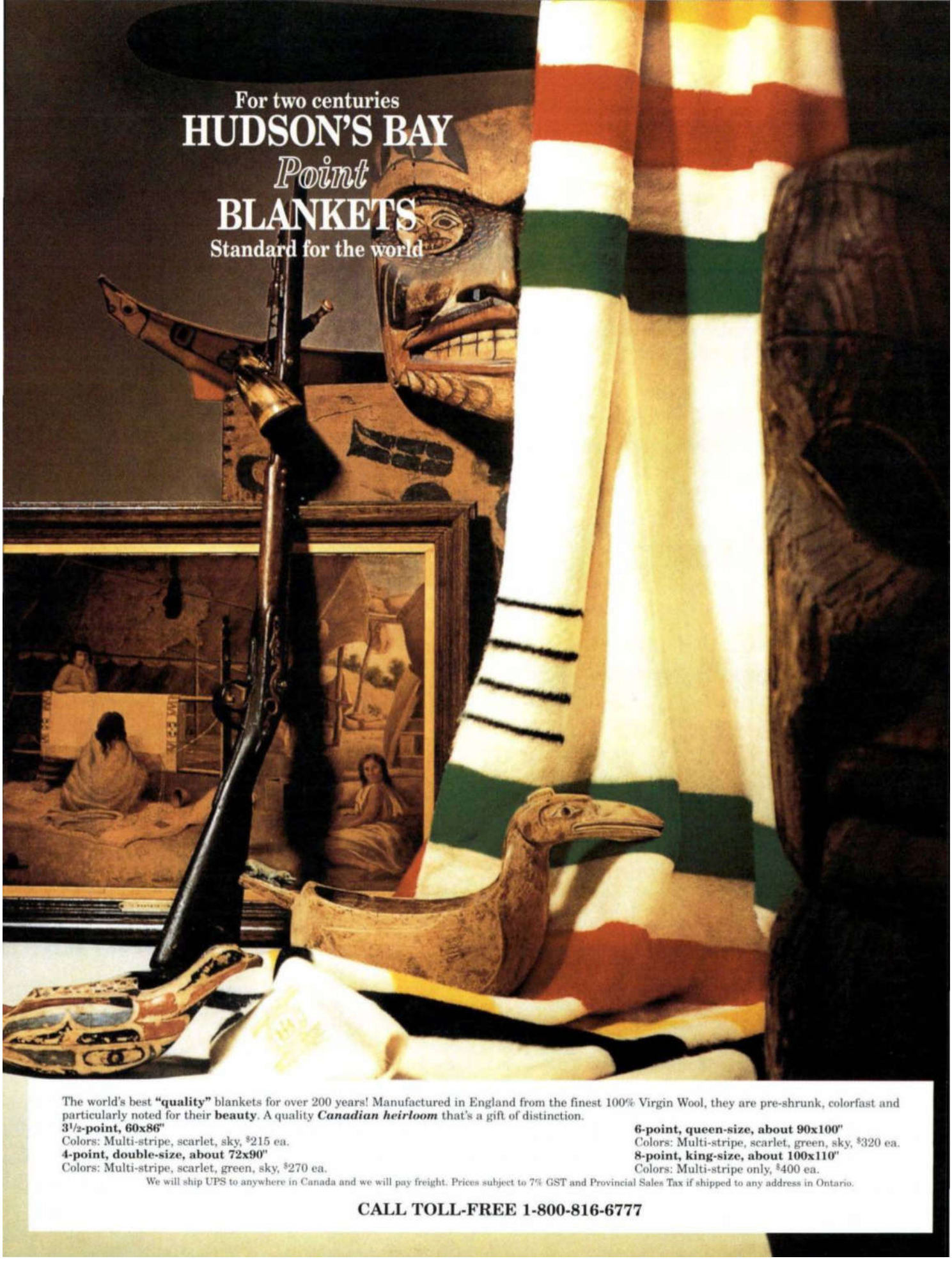
Kurikka spent his first weeks in Canada garnering support for his utopia. According to Paula Wild, author of *Sointula: Island Utopia*, Kurikka was a tall man, with thick, black hair and blazing eyes, who "knew how to capture the attention of his audience. He [would begin] speaking in a soft, slow voice, gradually becoming passionate and animated until he was striding about the stage and waving his arms wildly." His enthralled audience was easily won over.

To obtain funds, the Kalevan Kansa (which meant "people of the mythical land, Kaleva") Colonization Company was formed and shares were sold. Those who did not have the required $200 investment were encouraged to pay by installment or pledge payment through labour. The sale of shares failed to generate enough capital to buy land, so Kurikka began poring over Vancouver Island maps in search of available Crown land.

Without even visiting the site, he chose Malcolm Island as the ideal location for his colony. It was isolated, yet conveniently close to shipping lanes. Its 28,000 acres of timber would provide a significant source of start-up income; once cleared, the land would be farmed. Except for the remains of a British settlement and the middens left behind by natives who foraged the beaches for clams, the island was untouched.

However, when the Finns approached the government, they learned that Malcolm Island had just been leased for its timber to the newly formed Industrial Power Company. Determined to have the island, nonetheless, Kurikka began negotiating with that company for a contract to log the timber.

While waiting for arrangements to be finalized, Kurikka lectured on the utopia of his dreams. Equal wages for all, he preached, and equal sharing of communal duties. But he grew restless waiting, and turned his attention to another project, founding the Finnish weekly newspaper, *Aika*. In this publication and others, he advertised for members to join the Kalevan Kansa. The land deal was slowly coming together, and Kurikka's advertisements and editorials were drawing some response, but what the company sorely needed now was capital. Desperate, Kurikka entered into a deal with the notorious Dunsmuir whereby he would recommend men to work in the mines for $2.50 a day—the going rate was $3 a day. His plan was to fill the Kalevan Kansa coffers by recommending only those who would become members of his company. For his part, Dunsmuir agreed to hire up to 200 of the recommended Finns. Backlash to the ill-conceived plan was immediate: the Finns, though destitute, refused to go back to work for Dunsmuir, and the directors of the Kalevan Kansa were furious at Kurikka for offering their people as cheap labour. Despite these difficulties, the Kalevan Kansa's membership had grown to 81 by early 1902; some Finns were already heading to



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Malcolm Island. When Kurikka arrived in May, he found 22 settlers there. One of the few women, Kaisa Riksman, recalled those early days for the B.C. Archives and Records Services' Sound Heritage Series:

> They were going to share everything. Everyone would be working for the common good. No one owned anything separately or individually. They planned to farm and log, and all the proceeds would be divided equally.
>
> I think the main idea was to have a free society. Especially, they emphasized that women should have equal rights with men. At that time women had no property rights, they had no rights whatsoever in wages, so this was one thing that was applied here. The women had a dollar a day wages, as the men did, and they had a right to speak at meetings, and they had a right to vote. And they had to work. Everyone had to work.
>
> Another thing they wanted was a society where there would be no government church. There would be no liquor vending....They could have religion but no one would be forcing any religion.
>
> The company was to look after the children. All expenses, including clothing, food, and schooling would be covered. The idea was that later on the children would be the workers, and they would look after the elders. All the women went to work, and they had a nursery where their children were sent. They could be left there overnight, but most of the women took their children home in the evening.

By summer's end the colony had been named Sointula, Finnish for harmony, and become home to more than 100 settlers. The colonists erected communal buildings, including a sauna, essential to Finnish life. Domestic animals began dotting the clearings and crops were planted. The sea yielded such a bounty that every available tub and barrel was filled with salted fish. The colonists established a makeshift brick factory and iron foundry, and purchased quarry stones to build chimneys and a boiler. Saturdays and Sundays were days of rest, which meant a cleansing trip to the sauna, music, socializing, and culture in the form of plays, debates, and books. On Sundays when he was there, Matti Kurikka taught English, spoke of things spiritual, and read literary works aloud. But despite the settlers' enthusiasm and the colony's lofty ideals, Sointula's existence remained at best precarious. According to Kaisa Riksman, their financial woes increased when people arrived unable to pay the $200 membership fee. "But they didn't turn anyone away so everything they bought was mortgaged." While the ill-equipped settlers, many of them educators and craftsmen who knew little of farming and logging, toiled to carve a place for themselves on Malcolm Island, Kurikka travelled widely on colony credit, extolling the virtues of Sointula and trying to recruit capital for the cash-starved colony.

Back in Sointula, the cold rains of November fell on the 200 residents, many of whom had only tents for shelter. Hastily they constructed a makeshift communal house with a meeting room and 28 sleeping rooms.

Winter came, and the colony sank deeper into debt. The travelling Kurikka chose to ignore this until his creditors ordered an official to accompany him back to Sointula to evaluate colony assets.

On Kurikka's return, the colonists assembled to discuss business, as was their usual routine. For this particular meeting on January 29, 1903, they had gathered on the third floor of the communal house. Just after 8 P.M., the meeting was abruptly halted when someone yelled "Fire!" Pandemonium broke out, both upstairs in the meeting room and downstairs in the sleeping rooms, where many women and children had retired for the night. The structure burned as tinder; within an hour it was destroyed. More tragic, 11 lives had been lost. According to Kaisa Riksman, "they surmised that it had started from where the heating system pipes had been extended with a wooden flue. They didn't have enough money to buy more pipes."

Although people from Vancouver Island and the mainland responded swiftly with food, clothing, supplies, and cash, the colony was now in dire need. The fire was investigated and determined to be accidental. But some settlers darkly speculated that Kurikka had set the blaze to destroy financial records; this suspicion added further turmoil to the tragedy. When some accused Kurikka openly, he angrily threatened to resign if they were not expelled. The battered colony, although hesitant to comply, did so in an attempt to restore some stability.

Having assessed the damages ($10,000) against the considerable charity it had received, the colony decided to rebuild, even though several members had by this time chosen to leave. But the mass exodus that might have ensued did not; a report three weeks later listed the population as remaining above 200. It also revealed a staggering debt of more than $60,000 and no solid plans in place for its address. Assessing its options, the colony decided to focus on logging. For this it would have to further extend itself by purchasing a boat powerful enough to move the island lumber to market. (The government had earlier

cancelled the Industrial Power Company's timber lease and reverted all timber rights to the colony.)

Kurikka, meanwhile, not content to deal with the challenges of the present, toyed with the notion of a life-insurance scheme. He opened a children's home in Sointula that would assume all responsibility for child-rearing. When several women protested, the volatile Kurikka likened them to hens with no more sense than to build their nests on precarious perches.

A final impetuous scheme proved to be the colony's financial death knell. Without any analysis nor consultation, Kurikka impulsively submitted a $3,000 bid to build a bridge over the Capilano and Seymour Rivers in Vancouver. In the end, the bid was only a fraction of the project's actual cost and colonists toiled there for months without compensation.

By now Kurikka's credibility had largely evaporated. Undaunted, however, he chose this time to introduce another pet philosophy, one that would seal the colony's ruin and drive him from Sointula. In a May 1904 issue of the *Aika* (which had by this time been relocated from Nanaimo to Malcolm Island), Kurikka launched his campaign against marriage. In an editorial, he encouraged "men to declare only the rights of love, not the chains of marriage" and assured women that "they need not be ashamed of motherhood outside of marriage." Kurikka himself had been divorced while still in Finland, and his attraction to women was no secret. Perhaps he was not so much against marriage as he was against the subservience of women in marriage. Nonetheless, his views caused much division and angry debate amongst the colonists. With poverty as their backdrop, members bickered and threatened each other with lawsuits.

A meeting was called. Kurikka, aware that his position as leader would be revoked at that time, avoided embarrassment by resigning on October 10, 1904. Disgraced, he left Sointula accompanied by those who had shared his views on marriage – many of the colony's bachelors. Their feeble attempt at a new commune for celibate men ended in failure a short time later. Kurikka spent his remaining decade wandering between North America and Finland in search of his utopia.

The surviving settlers of Sointula were left with an enormous debt load and severely reduced labour pool. Despite the capability of their new leader, Austin Makela, the colony faced the impending signs of bankruptcy. Incredibly, a final financial fiasco in 1905 involving a shipment of lumber increased their losses by a further $3,000. Days later the Dominion Trust Company moved in to dissolve the Kalevan Kansa and liquidate its meagre holdings.

Many such ventures in history have given rise to ghost towns, but not Sointula. Even as the tides of change lapped the shores of Malcolm Island, the survivors of the experiment chose to square their shoulders to an uncertain future and start anew as independent settlers. They abandoned logging, learned how to farm, and became capable fishers. In the early years of restructuring, some were forced to leave the island for months on end in search of work. But all planted and cultivated roots in Sointula to make it their true spiritual and cultural home.

Today Sointula's peculiar beginnings are evident, and it continues to stand apart from other coastal towns in several ways. For one, many of the residents have family names like Salo and Tynjala. And, according to historian Paul Grescoe, "Coming from Alert Bay or Port McNeill, you feel as though you've switched oceans: the solidly built houses with attendant saunas, the whitewashed co-op, and the overgrown, turn-of-the-century farmhouses..."

Over time, the Finnish connection has faded, and in recent years, the downsizing of the fisheries has cast hard times on the community. But the spirit of self-reliance and harmonious living remains intact among Sointula's 750 residents. No doubt their forefathers would approve. ◆

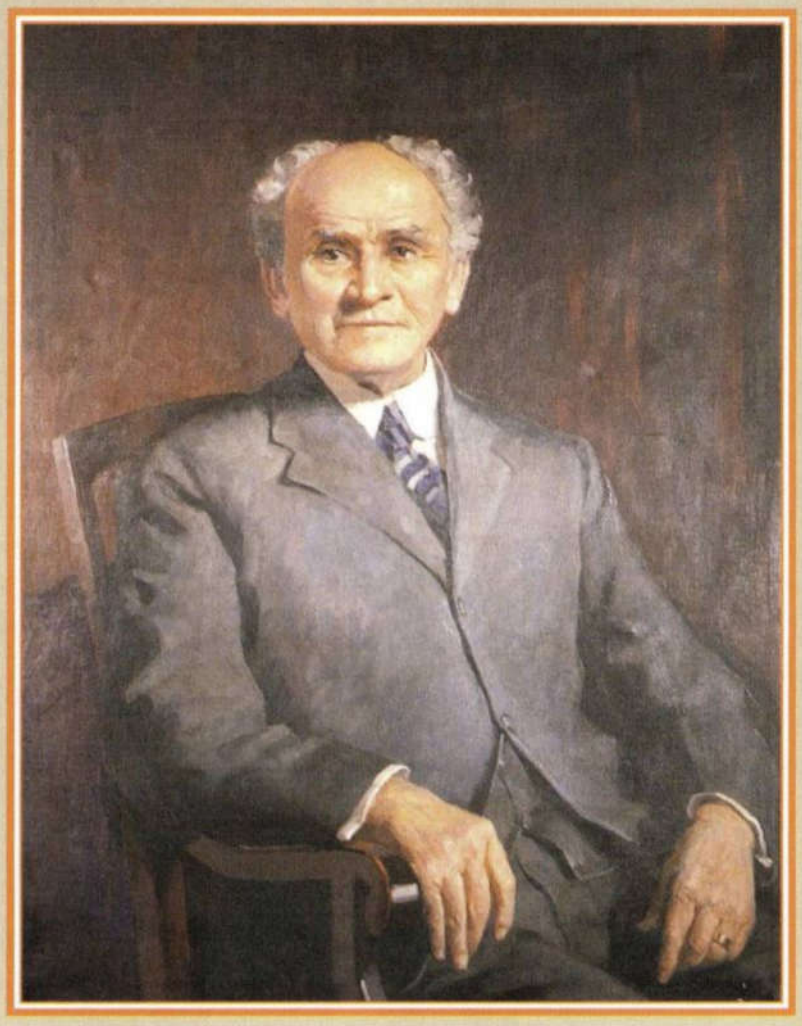
Trudy Duivenvoorden Mitic is a Victoria, B.C. writer who has published two books on Canadian immigration history. She is now completing another, A People in Transition, *which looks at the newcomer's experience of transition into Canadian society.*

B. C. Archives, D-05646

The Francis Millerd Fishing Company cannery at Sointula in 1926, with salmon dories in the foreground. For a time after the cannery closed, the building was used as a sawmill.

Abraham Groves

UNKNOWN GIANT OF EARLY CANADIAN SURGERY



Portrait of Dr. Abraham Groves, by Sir Wyly Grier, c. 1928.

Courtesy of the Canadian Museum of Health and Medicine at the Toronto Hospital, Canada

On May 10, 1883, Dr. Abraham Groves made Canadian medical history. After travelling by horseback through the back concessions of midwestern Ontario to tend to a farmer's 12-year-old son, he arrived to find the boy doubled over in pain. Following a quick examination, Groves made the momentous decision to operate. As far as he knew, it was the first appendectomy in the world.

In medical school, Groves had been taught that the appendix had "no uses and no diseases," but his observations as a young practitioner suggested otherwise. What has since been recognized as the first appendectomy in Canada, and probably in North America, was not immediately appreciated as an innovative lifesaving treatment. Upon his return to the farmhouse three days later, Groves found his patient healing well, but the boy's father greatly perturbed. Since the operation, the farmer had learned that a neighbour had seemingly been cured of the same symptoms by the application of a poultice. He believed the doctor had put his son unnecessarily at risk and threatened that "all would not go well" for

Abraham Groves was a pioneer doctor who took calculated risks in his rural practice, which earned him the title "insurgent surgeon" from the medical journal Canada Lancet. *He entered medical school in the year of Confederation, when the field of surgery was in its infancy. Over his 60-year career, he not only performed several Canadian surgical firsts, but founded a hospital and a power plant, ran for parliament, and wrote poetry. A local hero in Fergus, Ontario, Groves's name and accomplishments are scarcely recognized today, even in Canadian medical circles.*

by Jennifer Williams

Photo: Jennifer Williams

This Celtic cross in Belsyde Cemetery, Fergus, marks the graves of Abraham Groves and his wife, Ethel Burke.

Groves if the boy did not recover. Fortunately, the patient survived.

Soon after, Groves presented his management of this condition to the Toronto Medical Society. He found no supporters, and one influential doctor is reported to have said, "This thing has got to be stopped. This doctor from the backwoods must not be allowed to carry on this sort of business. If such treatment became widespread, the death rate would be appalling." Groves persevered, however, and what did not find favour in Toronto became accepted by his rural colleagues, who could see the results with their own eyes.

When Abraham Groves stepped off one of the first passenger trains from Toronto to start his practice in 1871, he was the first Canadian-born-and-trained physician in Fergus, the Scottish-settled village of his youth.

During what would become a 60-odd-year career, Groves's consulting surgical practice would grow to extend from Fergus to the shores of Lake Huron. He would perform over 20,000 operations, including many surgical firsts. Like other medical practitioners on the Canadian frontier during the last century, Groves found expression for his rugged individualism. And although this would not win him fame (such as that enjoyed by his medical-school classmate Sir William Osler, who became an internationally respected medical pedagogue), the isolation allowed him a freedom to innovate that would have been denied in larger centres.

As well as his contributions to the field of surgery, Groves founded a small hospital and established a school of nursing. He was an entrepreneur who owned a gristmill and introduced electricity to the area, and was an active member of political, fraternal, and religious organizations. Groves was a poet, at times an eccentric, and a renaissance man with a resourcefulness matched only by his work ethic.

Groves was born in Peterborough, Ontario, on September 8, 1847, the son of Irish immigrants. When Groves was still a youngster, his family settled 200 acres of bush land four miles northeast of Fergus. In 1867 he enrolled in the Toronto School of Medicine, where he was known to his classmates as "Little Groves." After only six months of apprenticeship with a Toronto physician, he returned to his hometown to begin his profession at the age of 23.

In this era of medicare, modern hospitals, superspecialists, safe anesthesia, antibiotics, and transplants, it is hard to imagine the state of the practice of surgery in 1871. Ether and chloroform had made operative procedures relatively painless; however, the mortality from surgical shock and infection was prohibitively high for all but the quickest amputations or the removal of superficial cysts, abscesses, or tumours. When Groves began his practice, he had never seen the abdomen opened in a living patient. Infection was considered to be a normal component of wound healing, and doctors rejoiced at the appearance of "laudable pus" when an abscess drained. Although the existence of bacteria had been demonstrated by Pasteur, and Joseph Lister had published his work on antiseptic surgery in 1867, these radical concepts were not widely accepted. In fact, they were largely opposed by a hostile, conservative medical establishment. These were the days when a surgeon operated with his bare hands while wearing his frock coat.

"He who follows the beaten path seldom makes any discoveries."

Wellington County Museum and Archives

The Old Bullfrog Inn in Guelph, Ontario. Here Groves performed the first abdominal removal of bladder stones in North America on April 20, 1878. Other doctors refused to operate on the 63-year-old patient, who was a heavy drinker and weighed over 300 pounds. Groves was assisted by two students in a hotel bedroom.

People knew the risks and were reluctant to go under the knife except in the most desperate circumstances.

By Groves's own admission, the conditions under which he operated in the early days of his practice were "primitive." In a paper entitled "The Evolution of Surgery as I Have Seen It in My Own Practice," published in 1922, Groves described the setting of a typical operation:

> The operating room was generally the patient's kitchen, there being no other room large enough, and either a couple of boards were laid on trestles, or the kitchen table was used as an operating table. Milk dishes were used for basins; for wiping, sea-sponges were used, horse hair [for sutures] was taken directly from the horse's tail, generally the doctor's horse. If the operation had to be done at night, a coal oil lamp supplied the light.

These circumstances were not unusual, except in the larger towns and cities.

Only weeks after starting his general practice, Groves demonstrated the daring and ingenuity that would mark his career. On June 19, 1871, he was called to the aid of a woman whose pulse was almost undetectable, the result of hemorrhaging after a miscarriage. Groves had read of blood transfusions, but neither he nor the attending physician had seen one performed. Using a thumb lancet–which doctors carried to bleed their patients–and a hard rubber syringe, Groves took blood from the woman's husband and injected it into the patient–with immediate dramatic improvement. There was considerable luck involved, as blood typing and matching were unknown. Despite his isolation, Groves kept abreast of medical advancements through the few available journals and was quick to test new concepts.

A busy rural practice entailed many hours of travel between farms and villages. Groves later claimed that this allowed ample time for reflection on improving treatment. In his memoir *All in the Day's Work*, published in 1934, he reminisced about how he had intuitively thought out clean, if not sterile, technique. He deduced that if water could carry typhoid, it would be best to "boil the little devils" before operating. Beginning with his first major abdominal operation, the removal of a large ovarian tumour in 1874, he washed the abdominal cavity with gallons of boiled saline water, boiled all his instruments, and scrubbed his hands with six brushes for 30 minutes. Perhaps because he was operating on the families of hardy pioneers in farm kitchens, well away from other sick people and their germs, his success rate was higher than those of his colleagues, and his reputation grew. Soon, he was travelling more than 100 miles away to operate, almost always to the north and west, for he was denied privileges at both Guelph hospitals. Although these were less than 12 miles away, and the only hospitals between Fergus and Toronto, organized medicine had closed ranks against this rash, rural Irishman.

Most medical historians credit Dr. William Halsted of Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore with first using rubber gloves in the operating room in 1891. He ostensibly wanted to protect the sensitive hands of his operating-room nurse, the future Mrs. Halsted, from the irritating effects of Lister's disinfecting carbolic spray, which was then in vogue. Nevertheless, six years earlier in November 1885, not long after operating on an infected abdomen, Groves was called to perform an emergency appendectomy in a farmhouse. It was a rainy night, and he had worn his pure rubber riding gloves. Since he did not want to spread infection to the new patient, he boiled these gloves for half an hour and wore them during the operation. Groves devotes a chapter to this in his memoirs and includes a testimonial letter from the local attending doctor. Unlike his routine sterilization technique, it is unlikely he habitually wore gloves before the practice became widespread.

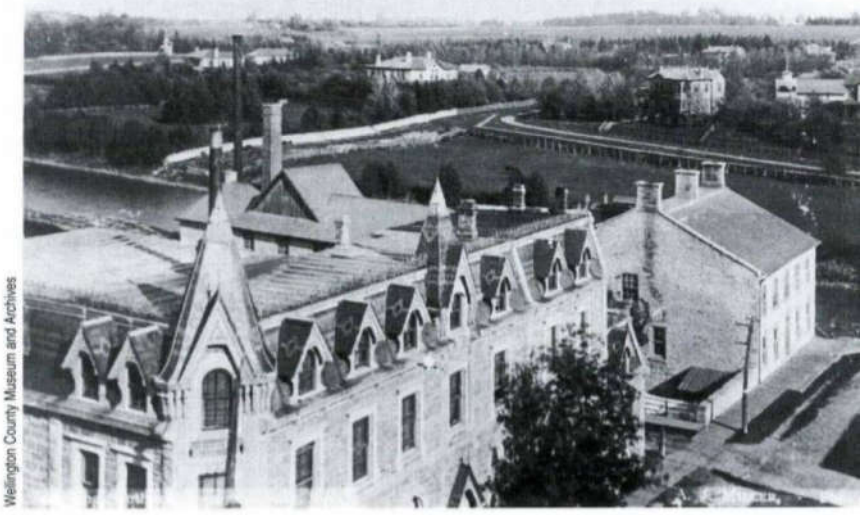
Apart from the first appendectomy, it is not clear how many of his early operations were his own innovations or followed from his reading of the medical literature. One fact is certain: in

almost all instances he had never seen the procedure performed and had no one with more surgical experience to consult. The appendectomy followed from Groves's realization that the traditional treatment of acute right lower abdominal infection with poultices was intervening too late in the disease. He sought to eliminate the cause and correctly surmised that the inflamed appendix he had observed was the source of the problem, and that it should be removed before it ruptured. Like many pioneers, problem solving often required Groves to be self-reliant and resourceful.

He performed his first elective abdominal operation in 1874, when, as a 26-year-old rural doctor in his third year of practice, he removed from a woman a 60-pound cyst, and the ovary on which it had grown. Although originally diagnosed with a "hopeless" abdominal tumour, the patient recovered fully, and the wound healed without infection. This prompted Groves to proceed to his first vaginal hysterectomy (1875) and the first recorded removal of bladder stones by an abdominal incision (1878). He would later write, "Seeing others do work is of great value, but one has to be careful lest he become an imitator rather than an originator. He who follows the beaten path seldom makes any discoveries."

Most of these early innovative operations are documented by case reports in Canadian medical journals. Medical historians only reluctantly give Groves North American priority for the first appendectomy. Although he frequently spoke to local medical associations about this early treatment, an account of it did not appear in print until much later. The historic appendix, however, was carefully preserved by Groves, and the specimen donated by his widow to the Museum of the Toronto Academy of Medicine. Most of Groves's medical writing is anecdotal and describes individual operations. He did not keep records of large number of patients (as the Mayo brothers were doing at about the same time in rural Minnesota). His early case reports may have been regarded as curiosities, for he was to wait until old age before receiving the acclaim of his peers in the medical establishment.

Groves prided himself on using relatively few instruments, and one of his favourite sayings was "fingers were made before instruments." As a self-taught surgeon who devised some of his instruments with the help of the local blacksmith, he generally believed that "instruments are just aids to human incompetence." Groves's fingers were deft and worked fast. His proficiency at the appendectomy developed to the degree that he once demonstrated to Dr. Kerr of Elora how he could perform the operation using only a multi-functional cutting needle. On another occasion he was timed removing an appendix in five minutes and twenty seconds. Speed was not just a point of pride but an important contribution to the success of an operation, given the anesthetics of the time.



Wellington County Museum and Archives

This view of Fergus, c. 1895, shows much of Groves's world. Left and centre is the Groves Block, where he had his office. Behind this was the converted gristmill and electrical plant. Across the Grand River was Grovehurst, the doctor's residence, and beside this the house that was later converted into the Royal Alexandra Hospital.

Often described as a "dynamo of energy," Groves did everything at full speed. "He was a fast-moving man and walked at a rapid pace," says Dr. Thomas Russell, a Fergus doctor, now retired. He observed Groves making house calls on foot, without an overcoat or even a hat—"the colder the day, the faster he moved." According to another account, Groves, less than 5 foot 6 inches, well built, with curly, brown hair, was "small of stature but quick of action." The eyes in many portraits suggest a confident, yet thoughtful man. Hugh Templin, a friend and editor of the *Fergus News-Record*, wrote: "In an argument, he was a hard man to beat, for he thought with lightning swiftness, backed up with a keen Irish wit."

Groves's interests extended beyond his professional duties. He bought a defunct tannery on the Grand River, turned it into a gristmill, and later installed a power station. At the time, Edison and Tesla were battling over the relative merits of DC or AC currents for electrification. Groves hedged his bets and installed one generator of each type. In 1890, he was not only supplying electricity to Fergus, but was the first in Ontario to transfer electricity to another town—nearby Elora. He was also involved in real estate and built a large business block in 1880, where he occupied one of the offices.

Groves's dynamism extended to church and community, as a member and warden of St. James

Jennifer Williams

Groves Memorial Hospital in present-day Fergus was built on the site of the old hospital's vegetable garden.

Wellington County Museum and Archives

Groves's family in front of their brick home in West Garafraxa township, c. 1875. Groves's parents, Margaret Gibson Groves and Abraham Groves Sr., sit on the veranda; his sisters, Mary and Margaret, are on the balcony.

Jennifer Williams

Groves purchased this old building, a former tannery, in 1883, converting it first into a gristmill and later into an electrical plant. Today, known as "The Abraham Groves Grist Mill," it houses a number of shops.

Anglican church, as reeve, and as a member of organizations such as the Masons, Oddfellows, and Foresters. He sat on the school board and town council, ran for parliament, and for over 50 years served as medical supervisor of the Wellington County Old Folks' Home. His greatest endeavour, however was The Hospital.

By the turn of the century, Groves was well into middle age and increasingly vexed by the amount of time spent travelling long distances by horseback, or if possible, by buggy, cutter, or train. He knew he could be more productive and effective if his patients were treated in one hospital. Since he had been denied privileges at the two hospitals in Guelph, he decided to start his own. He purchased a large house across the river from his mill and converted it into a 32-bed facility. The Royal Alexandra Hospital, named by permission of Her Majesty, was opened in January 1902. In accordance with Groves's belief that large wards did not foster speedy recoveries, the public wards were spread over several rooms. The charge for a bed in the public wards was $2.80 per week and $6.00 to $15.00 per week for a private room. A pamphlet stated: "The sick poor will be admitted and treated free of charge." Only those with contagious diseases were barred. Local doctors, some of whom were Groves's partners, cared for their patients in the hospital, and in the summer, medical students from Toronto helped and observed.

Trained nurses did not exist when Groves began his practice and were a scarcity when his hospital opened, so he established a school for nurses. A picture of the daily life of one of Groves's young student nurses was recounted by

former student Mrs. Wilfred Stewart (née Margaret Thomson) to a graduate student in nursing at the University of Western Ontario in 1975. According to Mrs. Stewart, each class was small, with students from local farms and villages. They lived on the new third floor of the hospital and could not leave the building unaccompanied. By any standards, the student nurses, were overworked and underfed, and there are repeated references to chronic hunger and fatigue. They were instructed by local doctors and senior nurses, who emphasized bedside learning; lectures were sporadic. Duties included patient care, housekeeping, mixing medicine, taking and developing X-rays, carrying patients on stretchers up and down stairs, and accompanying Groves on house calls, often driving the horse while he slept on the return trip. At any time, they could be called on to "special" an extremely sick patient. This involved around-the-clock care, particularly fatiguing when in a farmhouse many miles from the hospital. The hardships, however, seemed to foster a cheery camaraderie among the students as few dropped out. Many of the 147 graduates of the program later attained important positions in Ontario nursing. One is left with little doubt, however, that these hard-working young women exchanged instruction for an inexpensive source of nursing care at the hospital.

If Groves worked his nurses hard, it was no harder than he worked himself. Even after the hospital opened, his medical practice involved long and irregular hours. Groves's business card read: "Nurses and equipment ready for emergency operations anywhere." To keep pace, Groves bought a car, one of the first in Fergus. Dr. C. Herb Ewing, who worked with Groves as a medical student following the First World War, described a day in the life of the country doctor:

> At six o'clock in the morning, we left home in a Model T with four or five sets of instruments. At Dundalk, we did an appendectomy, then to Mount Forest where a leg was amputated for sarcoma, then to Drayton for an appendix. There I was requisitioned for the anaesthetic. It was my first, but Groves kept careful watch. One nod meant "give more ether"; two nods meant "stop." When we got home, Mrs. Groves said, "I hope you fed that boy." I went to bed. Dr. Groves went to the hospital to do another job.

Although most of Groves's technical innovations occurred before the turn of the century, his thinking continued to be ahead of his time. He was a vocal proponent of preventive medicine; in 1893 he told the Association of Executive Health Officers of Ontario that "the highest ideal to be aimed at by the medical profession should be the prevention rather than the cure of disease." He even argued that doctors should be paid for keeping their patients in good health rather than for treating illnesses that were preventable.

Wellington County Museum and Archives

The staff of the Royal Alexandra Hospital, c. 1910.

"Tobacco is a cause of cancer," he stated emphatically in his 1934 memoirs. Such progressive views were not embraced, however. A review of *All in the Day's Work* for the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* reads: "Everywhere in his book we find proof of his keen powers of observation, his logical mind, and his practical common sense. We may not now endorse all his views, notably in regard to tobacco and cancer." His opinion of high heels, however, has not become as widely accepted over time. Heels, he wrote, were a "violation of nature" and presumes to correct "the Creator's ... defective work," to which Groves added pertly, "and yet He never takes a hint to put a prong of bone under the heel."

In Groves's vision of socialized medicine, hospital areas would be similar to school districts and doctors would be on salary: "Any resident of the hospital section, when sick, or injured, would be taken to the hospital and treated free of cost in the same way that a child is taught in school." He also proposed that each hospital should run a health training program to teach hygiene, nutrition, and disease prevention to all young women.

Groves's writings were not restricted to medical journals. He was a member of the Canadian Authors' Association and published a slim volume of poetry in 1930, copies of which he distributed as Christmas presents. At the time of his death, his friend Hugh Templin wrote that

Groves had completed a manuscript for a third book that gave his "philosophy of life" and prescribed the solutions to many of the world's problems. Apparently Groves deemed it too controversial for print.

Templin also paid tribute to the man who "never dodged a fight if it was for what he deemed a good cause." Groves's correspondence reveals an ongoing battle with various nursing organizations. In 1913, when a fledgling nurses' association tried to convince him not to send student nurses out to "special" patients (such unpaid, long-term home care cut into the graduate nurses' market), the association encountered a caustic, immovable force:

> I recognize how serious a thing it is for this hospital when the Executive of the Graduate Nurses' Association of Ontario "disapproves" of our method of doing our own business, but we must make allowance considering that the Graduate Nurses' Association of Ontario is a rather juvenile institution, with all that that implies. When time has broadened their knowledge and matured their judgment they may not be so ready to express their disapproval, before their opinion is asked.

Through the 1910s and 1920s, letters were exchanged between Groves and groups trying to standardize nurse training. When various advocacy groups succeeded in standardizing nurse training, ensuring adequate learning and living conditions, Groves begrudgingly closed his training school.

After the last class of nurses graduated in 1931, Groves offered to give the hospital to the community, debt-free. There was some discussion at the town meeting on whether to accept the hospital—it was the Depression, and there was some speculation that it would become a "white elephant." The following year, however, the "Old Doctor" handed over the deed at a special ceremony of thanks, and the hospital was renamed Groves Memorial. Over 500 attended the event, and according to the coverage in Toronto's *Mail and Empire*, only two weeks previously, Groves had performed two appendectomies. He was 84 years of age.

Little has been recorded about Groves's family life. His first wife died in 1886. He had a son and daughter, William and Laura, from this marriage. In 1911, he married a Fergus-born American-trained nurse. Later, his son William followed him into medicine and for a time practised with him in Fergus. In the early 1930s, only days before the hand-over of the hospital, Groves and his son performed an operation, while his grandson, a medical student, supervised the anesthetic. Even after winding down his busy practice, the elderly doctor was prevailed upon by a long-time patient to perform cataract surgery. Groves agreed—even though he had recently cancelled his subscription to a journal because of failing eyesight! In 1935, the year of his death, Groves, quoted in a local newspaper column, scorned social legislation that would reduce the work week to only five days. He suggested that the preamble to such a presumptuous act should read: "Since the Almighty made a mistake in telling man to work six days a week, we, in our wisdom, amend the Ten Commandments as follows..." Clearly, Groves was spirited until the end.

With the publication of his memoirs at age 87, Groves tried to raise his profile and secure his place in the medical annals. He sent copies of *All in the Day's Work* to many prominent surgeons throughout the United States and Britain.

Thanks in part to these efforts, Groves's renown appears to have culminated in the year of his death. In the spring of 1935, the *British Medical Journal* carried a review of *All in the Day's Work* that read: "It is a tragedy that he never was called to a clinical chair of surgery at one of the Canadian universities, for he might then have established as great an international reputation as a surgeon as his fellow student Sir William Osler did in medicine."

Abraham Groves's death on December 8, 1935, was front-page news in the *Mail and Empire*. In Fergus, businesses and schools were closed on the afternoon of the funeral, and hundreds of villagers paid their respects.

There are still several reminders of Groves in the town today. The gristmill, now housing various shops, continues to carry his name. The Groves Memorial Community Hospital was rebuilt in 1955 on what used to be the vegetable garden of the Royal Alexandra Hospital; the original building was levelled and turned into a parking lot. A plaque at the entrance to the new hospital pays homage to its founder and the philosophy of health care he expressed in 1920: "Treating the sick is dealing with human lives and no case is so trivial that any treatment short of the best should be considered good enough."

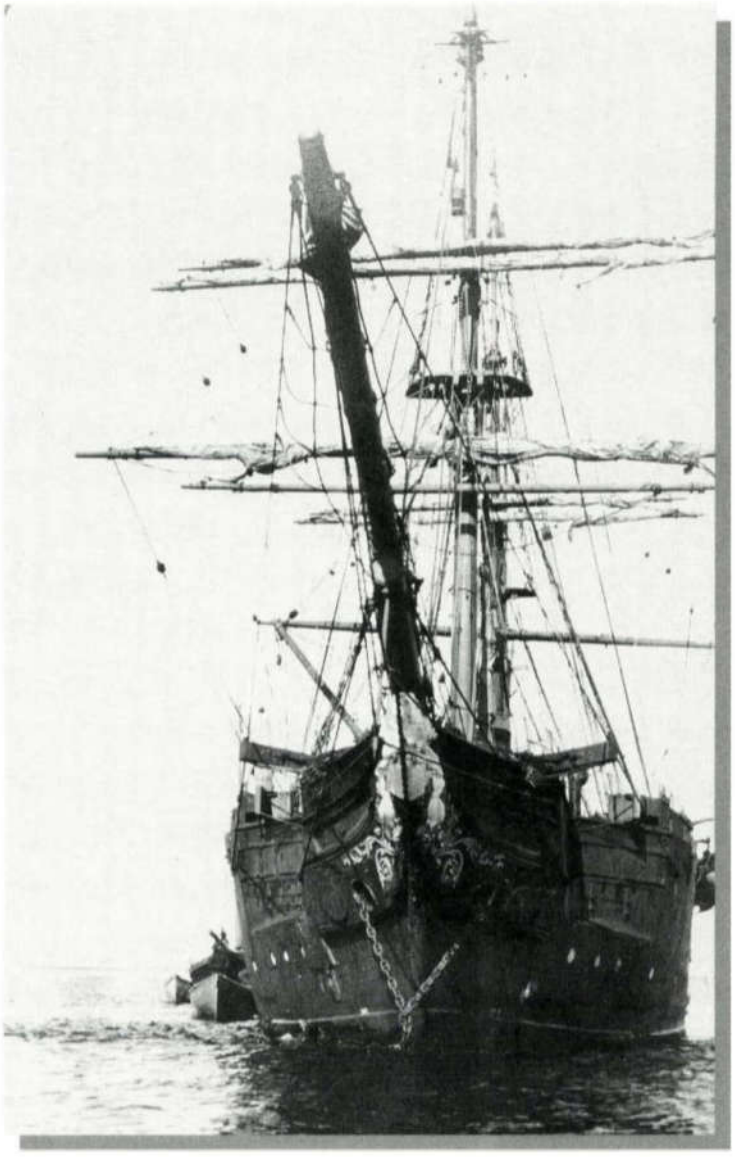
The Celtic cross that marks his final resting place in Fergus carries a simple tribute: "The Beloved Physician." ◆

Jennifer Williams is a Vancouver-based writer with roots in southern Ontario. Her paternal grandfather was a rural physician within Groves's consulting area who began his practice just as the surgeon was nearing retirement. *The author wishes to thank her father, Dr. R. L. Williams of McGill University, for his generous help with the medical literature.*

To Labrador by Sail

DAVID HOUSTON LEARMONTH was born in Stronsay, Orkney Islands, on April 14, 1886. He joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1904. Before he retired in November 1948, he had served at fur-trading posts in four provinces. This brief account of the voyage to Labrador, written by Mr. Learmonth, was sent to The Beaver *by his daughter, Mrs. Betty H. McEwan of White Rock, British Columbia.*

by David Learmonth

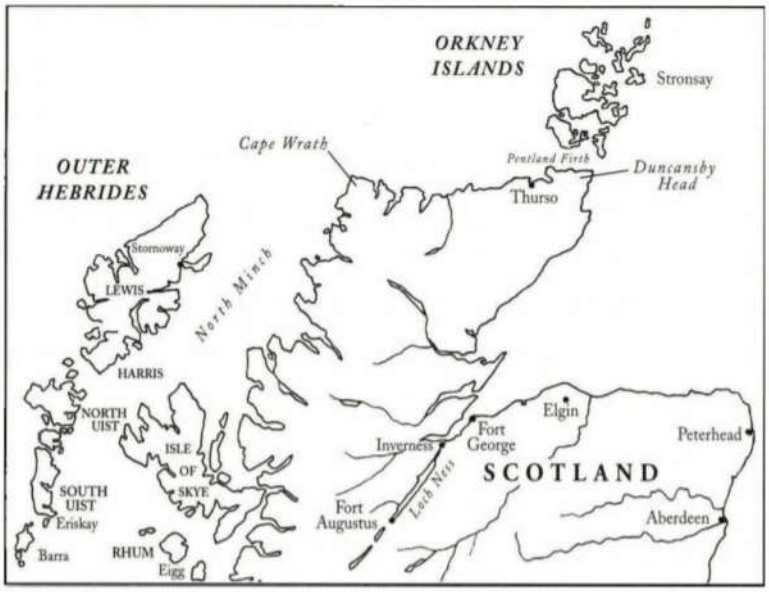


The S.S.* Pelican, *c. 1900-1916.

Photos: Hudson's Bay Company Archives, PAM

On a dreary July morning in the year 1904, gusty winds dispersed the morning fog, revealing clouds, dark and threatening, as I stood with another 18-year-old youth on the dock at Peterhead, Scotland, studying the three-masted, square-rigged vessel which lay at anchor in the choppy sea. Shortly we would board her to be borne away from home and family to a new life in the wilderness of northern Canada. The ship was the Hudson's Bay Company's *Pelican*. Henry Moir and I were apprentice clerks destined for the fur trade in, to us, the almost unknown country of Canada.

We carried on a desultory conversation with my brother Robbie and Henry's father, who waited with us, until the Company's agent arrived and took us to Captain Alexander Gray. At one time Sandy Gray had been champion boxer of the Peterhead whaling fleet. His fights were legendary around the docks of eastern Scotland. A giant of a man, he stood well over six feet four, with great, broad shoulders and a thick, solid



body. His weatherbeaten face was partially concealed by a shaggy, white mustache. We quickly wilted under his piercing gaze, and were relieved to find that A. Cleveland Smith, the second mate, was to take us in hand.

As Mr. Smith led us to the ship's boat my heart beat a little faster. With Smith at the tiller and four half-pickled sailors on the oars, we were soon alongside the ship. The second mate proved to be invaluable, both as a friend and a teacher. Had he not taken us under his wing, life on board would, no doubt, have proved to be a miserable existence for two young greenhorns. At the beginning of the voyage, neither the captain nor the first mate paid us much attention. Later, both treated me with grudging respect, owing mainly to the fact that I was not seasick. Henry remained in their bad books throughout the voyage. He was not a sailor and suffered from seasickness with every roll of the ship. During the better part of the voyage, he remained moaning in his bunk and never *did* develop his sea legs.

By midafternoon, the wind being fair, we set sail. Soon the *Pelican* was gliding through the harbour mouth with that graceful, silent motion that can be experienced only on a sailing vessel. As we slid beyond the breakwater, then under construction by convicts, the old boatswain pointed to the grim gaol building, remarking, "Better you should be doing five years there than five years with the Hudson's Bay Company. It will be harder for you to get out than for those poor souls." Perhaps he was right. It took 45 years before I finally "got out."

We left Peterhead and traversed the Pentland Firth by night. When we rounded Duncansby Head, those rugged cliffs on the northeast coast of Scotland, we ran into a true northern gale. Progress was impossible, even when the ship's engines were brought into use. As long as the powerful tide that runs through the Firth was in the ship's favour, she would inch along, but when the tide turned, the captain sought shelter in Thurso Harbour, and there we remained until the tide ran, once again, to our advantage.

I was amazed when the captain gruffly invited me to join the shore party. Smith, again in charge of the boat, told me I should feel highly honoured, as the captain was generally hostile to passengers. He concluded that the manner in which I adapted to life on board ship had raised the old man's opinion of me. I explained that rolling seas had been an integral part of my childhood, having been born and raised on the Orkney Islands which form the northern shores of the Firth.

The wind moderated on the turn of the tide, enabling us to leave Thurso under steam. We did not set the canvas until the ship cleared Cape Wrath on the northwestern tip of Scotland. In order to conserve our coal supply for the trip along the Labrador coast, the ship made most of the crossing under canvas. The *Pelican* performed best with sail, and George F. Lovegrove, the first mate, was a master at obtaining the maximum advantage from the prevailing winds, taking inordinate pride in his skill. When on deck, his eyes were ever on the sails, and at the slightest shift in the wind his men were ordered into action.

Lovegrove was an odd physical specimen, short of stature, but with the huge, broad shoulders and the great, powerful arms of a much larger man. His face was that of the traditional Uncle Sam, chin whiskers and all, but his voice was pure Cockney.

Charles E. Elliott, the chief engineer, had little to do during the Atlantic crossing. Even so, he

I cannot think of any adventure that thrilled me more than sharing the comradeship of these men for whom the angry sea held no terror.

was a necessary member of the crew because of the uniqueness of the *Pelican*'s engines. The old warship had been fitted with experimental engines, outdated by steam turbines even as she was launched. Only three such engines had ever been built, and Elliot was one of the few maritime engineers who understood them.

Although it was almost midsummer, the weather was cold and the winds powerful as we crossed the Atlantic. Early in our journey we passed close by a Danish steamer carrying immigrants to the United States. The two ships communicated by flag signals. Neither ship carried radio, which in the year 1904 was in its earliest stages of development. Had both ships been so equipped, a tragedy would have, without a doubt, been averted. One month later when we received our first newspapers, we learned that the Danish ship had run aground on the Rockall Bank and sunk with the loss of most of her passengers and crew. Our officers, checking back on dates and locations, came to the conclusion that the *Pelican* would have been barely out of sight of the ill-fated ship when the disaster occurred.

Because the ship was not licensed for passengers, Captain Gray had ordered us to sign on as ship's boys. He assigned us each to a watch. I was on the second mate's watch and stood with him most of the voyage. When I was a youngster, my great uncle, a former ship's master, had taught me the basic elements of navigation, which enabled me to give practical assistance to Mr. Smith. Henry Moir, unable to scan the undulating horizon without turning green, stood not one complete watch.

The old *Pelican* pitched and tossed furiously, rising high on each wavecrest, then plunging down on the next incoming wave, spewing great clouds of flying spray. For days on end massive sheets of water swept over the deck, and life lines were strung from foc'sle to poop as the ship fought on. Sailors clambered out on the yardarms, struggling fearlessly, high on swaying masts which threatened to catapult them into the icy, mountainous waves. I cannot think of any adventure that thrilled me more than sharing the comradeship of these men for whom the angry sea held no terror. They mastered nature at her most vicious.

Early one morning the storm finally abated, and the day broke bright and clear. The sea, however, was still heavy. I went above deck with Mr. Lovegrove and Mr. Smith to survey the damage. Both mates expressed surprise that not one mast had been lost to the angry winds. The mizzen, rigged and not strongly stayed, was whipping back and forth with each roll of the ship. Even as the first mate remarked that it might yet go, there was an ominous cracking and the sound of splintering wood. We then turned in unison to see the topmost and topgallant masts give at the mainmast, and as the ropes gave, both sails plunged into the sea. This was when I learned what training and discipline in crises truly meant. Even as the broken spar hit the water, the two officers began organizing their watches. I was ordered to rush below and break the bad news to the skipper. Excited and breathless, I blurted out my report, expecting the old man to bellow orders and rush into action. He only grinned and remarked, "Too bad, but not unexpected. Well Learmonth, we'd best go and see what can be done about it."

By the time we reached the deck, both watches were sweating with knife and axe, cutting the lines that held the broken mast dangling alongside, dangerously pounding the hull. There was no confusion, no shouting, except for the clipped orders from the officers. Each sailor, knowing what was expected of him, worked silently to untangle the ropes and clear the wreckage. Even before Captain Gray had made the decision to proceed under steam, the chief engineer had disappeared below to the engine room, and in short order the ship, with engines pounding, was once again underway.

The captain ordered the ship's carpenter to prepare the spare mast, which was lashed on deck alongside the starboard gunwale. An immense piece of timber, it had to be moved clear of the gunwale to permit the carpenter to do his job. Six

Hudson's Bay Company Archives, PAM

David Learmonth at Norway House, 1943. From his first posting as an apprentice clerk to York Factory in 1904, he became manager of a number of the Company's posts, retiring in November 1948.

husky fellows, three at each end, struggled in vain to shift it. The captain impatiently ordered all six men to the smaller end of the new mast, and raised the enormous butt end without help. He was then a man close to 60!

As we were approaching the Labrador coast, I came on deck one morning to see a dazzling white formation low on the horizon. It was broken at intervals with peaks and humps which glittered in the sun. We had run into a great icefield stretching from Davis Strait to the Straits of Belle Isle.

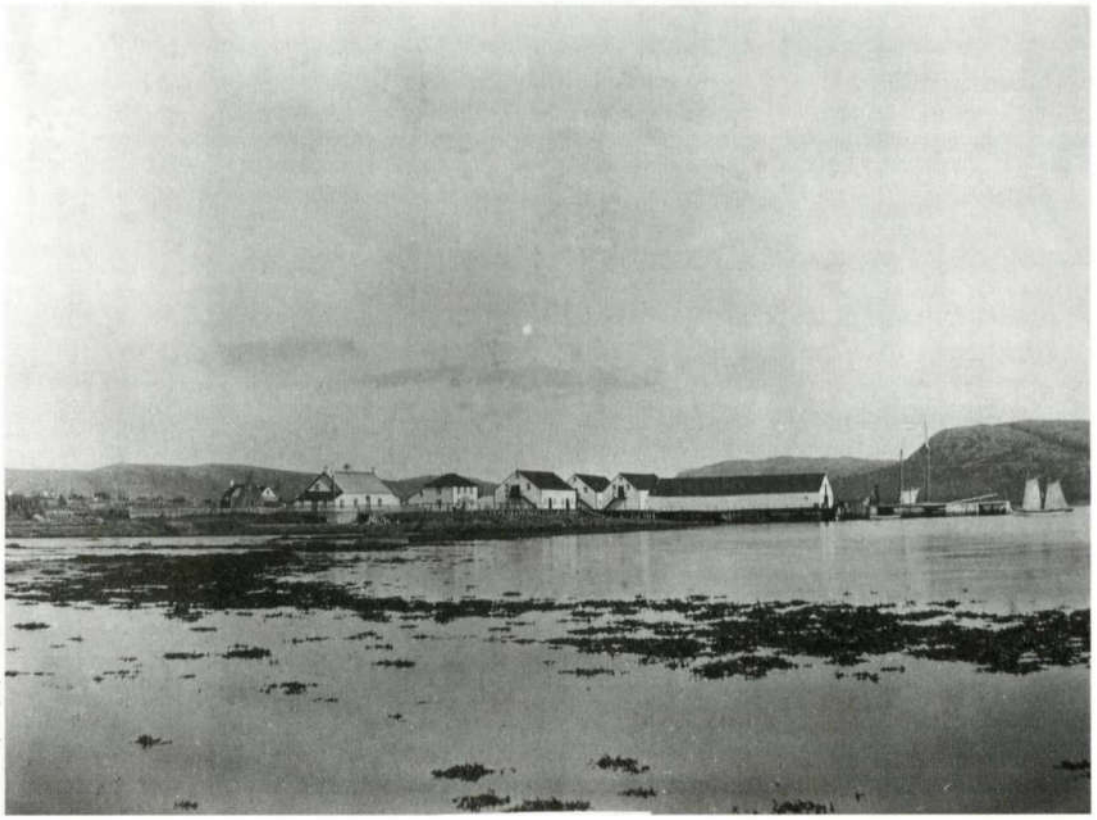
Both mates thought we should head south around the end of the pack. As the ship moved closer, all aboard searched in vain for a break in the endless stretch of ice. Captain Gray observed in silence, then suddenly ordered the helmsman to steer north. He explained that, to the north, we would be more likely to find open spaces between the larger icebergs. The experienced old whaler had made the right decision. At daybreak the following morning, as far as the eye could see, both north and south, were enormous mountains of ice.

It was indescribably beautiful as the great ice peaks reflected the red and gold of the sunrise. Leaning on the bulwark, absorbing it all, I was surprised to find Captain Gray standing beside me, obviously as entranced as I. He quietly remarked, "Year in, year out, I have watched the likes of this, and it never fails to overwhelm me."

He taught me a great deal about icebergs: of their calving from the Greenland glaciers, and of the treacherous great bulk hidden below the water. He said that I should be on the watch for a "rollover," as the underwater ice melted disturbing the equilibrium of the iceberg. This I was fortunate to see twice, an awe-inspiring spectacle. I expected to hear a great crash from these falling pinnacles, but saw only a graceful, silent motion. Captain Gray said that at times they could cause tremendous thundering upheavals, capable of tossing ships about like chips in a stream.

As the captain had predicted, there was plenty of room to sail through the line of icebergs, and late in the afternoon, the gloomy, desolate hills of Labrador were sighted in the distance. Before sunset, close to the fishing settlement on Grady's Island, we cast anchor. The captain did not wish to navigate the dangerous reefs around that barren coast in the deepening night. The following morning, exactly one month to the day since weighing anchor at Peterhead, we arrived at the Hudson's Bay Company post at Cartwright. Henry Moir and I had our first view of a fur-trade post, and the country that was to be our home for a lifetime. ◆

Mr. Learmonth retired from the Hudson's Bay Company after 45 years of service. He died in 1961.

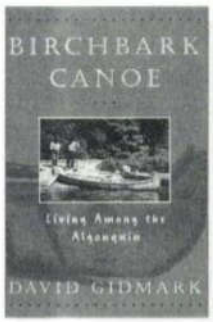


Hudson's Bay Company Archives, PAM

Cartwright Post, Labrador was the first of many Hudson's Bay posts that David Learmonth would see in his lifetime.

Flowing Rivers and Flying Doctors

BIRCHBARK CANOE
Living among the Algonquin
By David Gidmark.
Firefly Books,
Willowdale, Ontario, 1997.
202 pp., illus. $19.95.



Among the many surprises, almost all of them pleasant, awaiting the reader of this constantly entertaining and informative book, is that, in spite of the North American birchbark canoe's historical importance (particularly to explorers and fur traders), no monograph existed on the design and crafting of these boats until 1964. In that year the pioneering (and posthumous) work, *The Bark Canoes and Skin Boats of North America*, by Edwin Tappan Adney was published. Since then, publications by Robert Ritzenthaler, Camil Guy, and a portion of another book by David Gidmark have examined the subject, but the bibliography of traditional canoe making remains small. Nevertheless, Gidmark asserts emphatically in the present volume that, "The birchbark canoe may be the most striking manifestation of the material culture of the North American Indian."

Having thrown down the gauntlet of this interdisciplinary thesis, Gidmark embarks on a fascinating autobiographical account of the origin and development of his own interest in what, at first sight, appears to be a dauntingly esoteric topic. From a purely fortuitous encounter with a class in birchbark canoe making in 1976, Gidmark was motivated to continue his studies, not only in the technology of this traditional craft, but also in the language and lore of the Algonquin people, on the justifiable grounds that true appreciation of another culture is achieved in proportion to the degree in which one can immerse oneself in that culture.

Particularly enjoyable are the descriptions of the challenges which the author met and triumphed over in his study of the Algonquin language. In his own words, "dealing with a transitive verb with more than twelve hundred endings was a job for a computer," yet a knowledge of the idiomatic phraseology of the language was a necessary key to understanding Algonquin culture.

Gidmark's style is informal, conversational, anecdotal, and liberally laced with self-deprecating humour. He even includes a charming digression on the birchbark canoe in literature, with references to Thoreau, Longfellow, and Minnesota author Calvin Rustrum.

Memorable vignettes abound, from a conversation with friends in a pub (while a brawl, complete with flying fists and chairs, rages in the background), to the author's maiden voyage in the first birchbark canoe he made entirely on his own (when a squirrel jumped on to the prow and provided a living figurehead until the canoe touched shore).

While Gidmark's sincere respect for the Algonquin people with whom he worked and studied shines out from many pages, he does not hesitate to show his disdain for the attempts of white people to impose their culture on aboriginal people. The Department of Indian Affairs comes in for a hard knock, as does a white teacher who taught ballet to aboriginal children and was an avid cross-country skier, but was completely mystified about what possible attraction snowshoeing could have for anyone.

The pleasures of this book are such that I can only pay it the same compliment that Dr. Samuel Johnson did to Henry Fielding's novel, *Amelia*. I read it through without stopping.

SNOWSHOES
& STETHOSCOPES
Tales of Medicine and
Flying in the Canadian North
By John Dale.
John Dale and Daedalus Publishing,
Nelson, British Columbia, 1997.
158 pp., illus. $16.95.

Chapter 1 of Dr. John Dale's memoir literally opens with a bang-a-burst of submachine-gun fire, for the story begins in Belfast in the summer of 1968, as the conflict between the IRA and the Irish Protestants erupted in violence.

While never overtly courting danger, Dr. Dale seems to have manifested in his subsequent career a predilection for life on the edge. Following graduation from the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians in Dublin, he emigrated to Vancouver in 1990, where he spent some months in a pediatrics residency program. He became a proficient enough pilot to take part in air shows, and ultimately, one of Canada's few flying doctors, practising first in northern British Columbia, and later in parts of the Northwest Territories.

Mingling diary entries with personal narrative and historical description, Dale describes a doctor's life in remote and isolated communities, including the feelings of loneliness and the frus-

tration at being a great physical distance from professional colleagues. A man of considerable sensitivity, deeply interested in the study of philosophy, he found it difficult at times to preserve the physician's classic emotional detachment in the face of death. On one occasion, after a stressful experience, he sat at home in darkness, listening to Bach's *Toccata and Fugue in D Minor*. Many passages of this book reflect the sombre tone of that masterpiece.

Dale himself came very close to meeting an untimely end when a local hunter threatened him with a double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun after being bitten by Dale's dog, Bushmills. Having successfully calmed the hunter down, Dale calmed himself with "a glass of scotch [*sic*]." In view of Bushmills's name, perhaps the proverbial "hair of the dog" would have been more appropriate.

Unfortunately, the book has serious weaknesses, which threaten to outweigh its strengths. Dale's medical career serves simply as a skeleton on which anecdotes are hung with little in the way of connective tissue (yes–pun intended), and in spite of the human interest factor, the narrative is as loose and episodic as a picaresque novel. More obvious are some typographical or editorial errors, which should not have escaped proofreading. For example, on page 52, Samuel Hearne's expedition from Churchill to Coppermine is noted as having taken place in 1771. On page 111, the Hearne expedition is again referred to, not once but twice, first with the date 1871, and subsequently with 1771. Later, on page 133, Dale travels to England in August 1976, to take a course in Northern Studies at Cambridge University. On page 137, having successfully completed a thesis, passed an examination, and enjoyed a holiday in Greece, he is on his way back to British Columbia–in August 1976. I have heard of crash courses, but was hitherto unaware that they could be conducted at the speed of light.

David Rozniatowski is a Winnipeg art librarian and freelance writer.

Canada's Unique Public Places

BY JOHN W. GRAHAM

CROWN ASSETS
The Architecture of the Department of Public Works, 1867–1967
By Janet Wright.
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, Ontario, 1997.
325 pp., illus. $75.00 hardcover, $35.00 paper.

This book is a remarkable achievement. It is an important scholarly research document–and a good read. Janet Wright has sifted and sorted through vast accumulated archival data to produce a comprehensive and understandable picture of the changing roles and images of our federal architecture. She has skillfully organized the many influences and requirements of the political, social, and economic climate that shaped the architectural form and fabric of these buildings during the 100 years following Confederation.

This historical panorama has been divided into a sequence of identifiable periods. The first covers the transformation of the inherited colonial Public Works Department into what was to become an expansive national one. Successive growth and subsequent changes in the department's direction and management occurred in spite of an uncertain understanding of the government's intention, and, due to the chief architect's hybrid role as client and architect (one periodically at odds with the country's architectural profession). As she points out, no matter what the location or function, all of the federal buildings were intended to assert the presence of the federal power and its political, economic, and social role throughout the country.

In Ottawa, the recurring search for an appropriate architectural style for the new capital and the later-established capital region illustrated the perceived need. There, and in the larger regional centres, this was intended to enhance the reputation of the country to international visitors.

These older buildings were also declarations of national pride. Wherever they were built, citizens saw them as a measure of the importance of their community, reassuringly so in the countless small and often remote locations far from the seats of power.

The author has produced a very readable and engaging description of federal architecture, and not just for academics and other researchers. This clarity results from her decision to examine specific, often familiar, representative buildings in terms of their siting within diverse civic environments and their programmatic requirements. She discusses a range of building types, from the grand and monumental to the smaller, more utilitarian examples often found in lesser centres. The former, by their size and location within major urban landscapes and their use of opulent materials and decorative details, were indicators of the importance of the federal departments they housed, and included, for example, court houses, early custom houses, and post offices.

As Ms. Wright traces the passage from one period to the next, she never loses sight of the shifts in the social, economic, domestic, and international climate and their influence on the architectural needs and expression. Most older public works buildings have now been recycled for different functions; new ones have become more expressive of their practical rather than symbolic functions, resembling similar buildings in the private sector.

In her words, over the course of a century we have gained a valuable cultural resource, in stone, brick, wood, steel, and glass that define a distinctly Canadian sense of place.

John W. Graham is Professor Emeritus, Architecture, University of Manitoba.

Finding History Through Heritage

BY PATRICIA O'BRIEN

TRUE NEWFOUNDLANDERS
Early Homes and Families of Newfoundland and Labrador
By Margaret McBurney and Mary Byers. Photography by John de Visser.
Boston Mills Press, 1997.
240 pp., illus. $34.95 hardcover.

True Newfoundlanders is one of several books of its type produced by the authors. The work is not easy to classify – part history, part culture, part architectural heritage, and part good storytelling.

The history of Newfoundland from the fifteenth to early nineteenth century is unlike that of any other part of North America. Happened upon by Europeans early and first (as the province's recent Cabot celebrations have taken pains to demonstrate), it was for over three centuries the base for a transient cod fishery operated by Europeans who arrived in the spring and left in the fall. The island's shore fishery came to be dominated by the English and French, and eventually the English won effective control of the land base. British policymakers discouraged settlement from the late 1600s to the early 1800s, though gradually fishermen, their families, and fishing agents settled there.

The authors trace the transition from a transient fishery controlled mainly by merchants from England's West Country (and the source of their amassed huge fortunes), to a fishery dominated by St. John's-resident merchant princes, whose control over outport fishing families was no less absolute. By looking at the buildings they left behind – mostly homes, but also churches, lighthouses, and fishing and supply premises – they weave a story of the past in a manner that is both spirited and concise.

The difficulties inherent in approaching history through such a restrictive medium – essentially, a cast of characters whose homes survive – have been admirably confronted. Sections are organized geographically, focusing first on a particular town, and second, on a particular theme, time, or industry, for example, Grand Bank on the banks fishery, Wesleyville on sealing, Corner Brook on papermaking, St. Anthony on the Grenfell Mission. In Labrador, Nain, Hopedale, and Battle Harbour are featured.

There are drawbacks to this approach, as the authors acknowledge. Only the well-built homes of merchants and their families tend to be left standing, and some important people, not to mention poor fisherfolk, are inevitably omitted. Yet the book manages to convey a lively impression of times gone by.

The book is not necessarily good history (the authors' grasp of Newfoundland historiography is somewhat tenuous and dated, and certain stereotypes are embraced), but it is a great story with plenty of solid information.

Merchants, lawyers, and politicians; sectarian, religious, and political strife; and rum – these are never absent from the pages. Not surprisingly, the authors have sought to acknowledge, if not the contribution then at least the existence, of women in these families. Yet the book fails to deal adequately with the Irish, who at times made up over half the population. The omission of the Basilica of St. John the Baptist, their great statement in stone and granite and a symbol of secular as well as ecclesiastical authority, is curious.

Margin notes derived from H.M. Mosdell's *When Was That?* (1923) lend feel and texture, communicating the harsh realities of life. They are idiosyncratic to be sure: "Harbour Grace: Riots in connection with Orange Procession 1883; Four men killed"; "Huntsman: Brig. commanded by Capt. R. Dawe of Bay Roberts, lost at the seal fishery with 44 of her crew, April 28, 1872."

Which brings us to the wonderful images so lovingly captured by the lens of John de Visser.

An experienced and accomplished photographer with over 40 books to his credit (including a number on Newfoundland and Labrador), he richly illustrates a wide variety of building styles, combining structure and setting. These stunning images are beautifully reproduced, and are augmented by archival selections. Most are in black and white, but a centre section includes 10 colour photographs, two obviously miscaptioned. Overall, the book is visually appealing.

A few quibbles. The work would have benefited from the hand of a good copy-editor with local knowledge, who would have caught such egregious errors as Columbus's "discovery of... the continent of North America... in 1492," the use of the term "south shore" (meaningless to Newfoundlanders), or "Grenfell, the author of seven books" (he produced fives times that). Editorially, there are instances where we find ourselves covering the same ground two and sometimes three times, which might have been avoided. And though for the most part the material has been adequately researched, sources are poorly acknowledged.

Happily, *True Newfoundlanders* is second in a series of four books projected for the Atlantic region, with volumes on New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island yet to come.

Patricia O'Brien is an independent researcher and adjunct professor at Memorial University, who has restored her 1896 St. John's home to its former condition.

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A Distinctly Canadian Merchant

BY EARL R. BOON

OUR STORE
75 Years of Canadians and Canadian Tire
By Hugh McBride, paintings by David Craig, with an introduction by Don Harron as "Charlie Farquharson."
Canadian Tire Ltd., 1997.
128 pp. $11.99 hardcover.

The foreword by Charles Ewert Farquharson (Don Harron), the text by Hugh McBride, and the illustrations by David Craig all tell a folksy story about a folksy Canadian corporation that celebrated its 75th anniversary in 1997. It's a fun read about an all-Canadian retailer that had a humble beginning and managed to survive the Great Depression, the Second World War, the shift from city to suburb, a squaring-off with the major oil companies, the postwar boom years and recessions, and, most recently, the invasion of the American retailers to Canada during the 1990s. But it's much more than a story of survival; it's a tale of how the Billes family built a Canadian retailing institution on good old-fashioned merchandising principles, a unique franchising concept, and a generous employee profit-sharing program.

The book is a collage of archival photographs, posters, old advertisements, and anecdotes about the Tire's founding family the Billes, their customers, employees, dealers, and shareholders. The style and arrangement is a unique combination that reads like a popular history, has the character of a deluxe hardcover commemorative issue of a staff magazine, and, at times, a format reminiscent of a major corporation's annual report.

The author Hugh McBride traces Canadian Tire's development from its beginning in 1922, when J. W. Billes ("Bill") bought the Hamilton Tire and Rubber Company and renamed it Canadian Tire because it sounded "big." J. W.'s first smart move was to bring his brother Alfred Jackson ("A. J.") into the business as a partner. Together they formed the perfect management team. J. W. handled purchasing and administration, and A. J. looked after sales, mail order, and service. The Billes brothers were the smartest Canadian retailers involved with what was, without question, the most successful product in history—the automobile. Early on, they initiated leading-edge practices of the retail industry: direct buying in bulk, underselling the competition, and offering their customers an unconditional guarantee on every item sold. They were quick to grasp the importance of private brands, and as early as the 1920s, introduced Motor-Master and Mastercraft, two trademarks that today are familiar to every Canadian. About the same time they introduced what would become the consumers' bible for auto parts in Canada: the Canadian Tire catalogue. A few years later, recognizing significant changes in consumer lifestyles brought on by the automobile, they initiated a major merchandise assortment expansion into outdoor leisure products, housewares, and do-it-yourself hardware. But perhaps J. W.'s biggest contribution to the Canadian retailing scene occurred in 1934 when he had a brain wave to open more stores. These weren't merely branch stores to be managed by employees; Billes was looking for associates—people who would have a personal stake in the business. Thus was born the Canadian Tire dealership franchise, destined to become one of the most successful franchise operations in Canada.

As the corporation evolved during the postwar years to the 90s, it retained its position as a leading-edge retailer in store formats, marketing, distribution, and transportation, and zoomed ahead of most other retailers in the area of information technology. The story is told using Canadian history as a backdrop, always mindful of the development of Canada itself and the impact our nation has had on the company's success.

If there is, however, a historical weakness in the tale, it's the failure to expand on the details of the dealership franchise organization and provide more insight into the reasons for senior management changes and the Billes family fight over control. The book tends to overlook or omit everything that's distasteful to the corporate image, which limits its historical integrity.

Our Store was commissioned by the Canadian Tire Corporation and is only available from Canadian Tire Stores. All profits earned on the sale of the book go toward "The Canadian Tire Child Protection Foundation."

Earl R. Boon has recently retired as an executive with Northern Stores.

An Illustrated History of the Hudson's Bay Company
by Peter C. Newman

This is a lavishly illustrated history of the HBC from its founding as a fur trader in 1670 to the national retail giant it is today. Dozens of full-colour and black-and-white photos, plus sketches, drawings, and maps complement the spirited text by Peter C. Newman, one of Canada's leading authors and journalists. 223 pp., index, bibliography, 7-page chronology of HBC history.
9" x 12" approx., cloth.

Original publisher's price: $45
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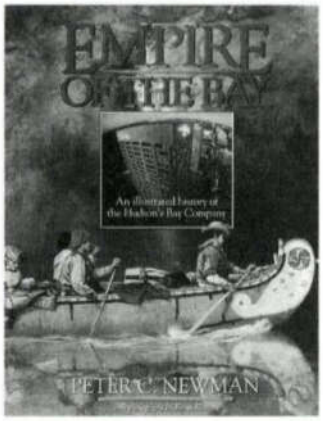

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The Hardy Boys' Hometown

BY SHANE PEACOCK

LESLIE McFARLANE
The Hardy Boys'
Haileybury Connection
By Bruce Taylor.
Haileybury Hardy Boys Committee,
New Liskeard, Ontario, 1997.
69 pp., illus. $7.00.

One would think that the man who was arguably the best-selling author in Canadian history and a pioneer in the fields of documentary filmmaking and radio and television drama would be a household name in this country and the subject of a great many biographies. But Leslie McFarlane, the man profiled in Bruce Taylor's latest contribution to northern Ontario history, is barely known here. Taylor, to his credit, does not set out to rectify the situation in one blow. In fact, his modest and realistic aim is to write "a summary of his life and career particularly as it related to the town of Haileybury." And so he does, with a slim, less-than-perfect, but valuable contribution to Canadian pop-culture history.

McFarlane came to the beautiful little town of Haileybury in 1910 at the age of seven, left at 19, and returned for his early married years. He always referred to it as his hometown. His formative time as a writer, including a period when he wrote several of the early Hardy Boys mysteries, were spent there. Taylor admirably resists the temptation to conclude that Haileybury can be found on the pages of these, the best-selling boys' books in history, and quotes McFarlane's own statement that his hometown played no role. However, as he skillfully teases us with references to local caves and other haunts, we can infer that it was on the author's mind. This measured, realistic approach is a hallmark of the book; it doesn't try to turn McFarlane into something he wasn't. He was a good and astonishingly versatile writer of significant accomplishment, but not a towering stylist, an analysis with which McFarlane himself would likely have concurred.

Taylor's access to the McFarlane family archives, which include Leslie's diary, is evident. He gives us, for example, exact dollar figures for income during certain years. He has also dug up some entertaining stories, such as the time McFarlane overheard the editor at *Maclean's* talking about his versatility, joking that he "wouldn't be surprised if McFarlane came up with an article on how to play the harp." Shortly thereafter the clever piece "How to Play a Harp" appeared in the magazine. Also worthwhile is Taylor's insightful analysis of his subject's seminal National Film Board work, including an examination of his innovative, award-winning documentary of the 1951 Royal Tour.

One can fault Taylor for a few things, like several irritating instances of repetition (errors that should have been caught during editing), his reluctance to investigate McFarlane's early battle with alcohol, and his lean years in the 1930s. One might come away barely aware that he had some very difficult years indeed. But that may be asking too much of a book that accomplishes what it sets out to do.

One reason McFarlane is not well known is that his authorship of the Hardy Boys, under the pseudonym Franklin W. Dixon, was kept secret for many years. But that seems a bit like an excuse: the man and his accomplishments should be embraced by this country. This little book, one of many that the Highway Book Shop near Cobalt produces about northern Ontario, is a modest but positive companion to McFarlane's own accounts of his life, the witty *A Kid in Haileybury* and the wonderful *The Ghost of the Hardy Boys*. May it not be the last.

Shane Peacock is a Toronto-based freelance writer and a frequent contributor to The Beaver.

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In addition to Mr. Berton, other recipients of the Award are:

James H. Gray, Calgary, 1995
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Individuals or organizations that have helped popularize Canadian history, through such means as publications, film, radio and television, theatre or volunteer service may be nominated.

Nominations are now being accepted for the 1998 Pierre Berton Award. In addition to a name and address of the nominee, nominations must be accompanied by detailed information in support of the candidate. A biography or curriculum vitae, newspaper or magazine articles, or letters of support outlining the achievements of the nominee would be welcome.

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phone (204) 988-9300 or
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e-mail: Beaver@cyberspc.mb.ca

Canada's History Mosaic

As a book reviewer–and a bookseller–I peruse many (and read a fair number of) new books. Almost every new work of Canadian history deals with some very specific subject in its writer's own particular way. Each deals with a piece of our nation's heritage. If, as has often been suggested, Canada is a mosaic, I experience it one tile at a time.

Writing *Legend of the Lake* was clearly a labour of love for amateur historian Arthur Britton Smith. His book describes the birth, short life, and death of a warship, the 22-gun brig-sloop *Ontario*. Constructed on an island near Kingston in 1780 to protect British forces from American Revolutionary invaders, she foundered in a Halloween hurricane that same year, taking some 88 men, women, and children down with her. Smith spent many years exhaustively researching every aspect of the tragic tale. His published account is lavishly illustrated (frequently in colour) with ship drawings by John W. McKay, marine paintings by Peter Rindlisbacher, archival portraits of prominent persons, photographs of naval artifacts, and reproductions of old maps and landscapes. The book is a marvellously detailed account of one year, one ship, and one brief but fascinating incident in Canadian marine and military history.

Blood Indian Tom Three Persons was assisted throughout his cowboy life, he believed, by a spirit helper–or was it the devil? He first claimed fame in 1912 as the only Canadian to win a championship at the first Calgary Stampede. He went on to please and amaze the Indian Department by becoming a highly successful rancher, an ambassador to the white community, a proof that government policies could successfully "civilize" the Indian. But as a person, he abused his wives, warred with his neighbours, rustled cattle, and constantly drank too much. His biographer, Hugh A. Dempsey, also describes the bright and the dark sides of other aspects of Alberta life–the early Stampede years and the growth of rodeo sports, Christian religious rivalries and Indian spirituality, government control on an Indian reserve, native families struggling through social change.

For 80 years gold rushes occurred all around the world, from California in 1849 to Red Lake in the late 1920s. Thousands caught gold fever and with an almost religious fervour rushed to the location of the latest find. They were seeking their fortunes, but also something more. As one prospector reflected: "It was the chase, not the finding, of the gold that counted." Douglas Fetherling well describes the phenomenon in his recently republished (and modestly revised) *The Gold Crusades*. Today's golden dreams, fulfilled or shattered in the stock markets rather than the discovery sites, seem far less romantic.

In the years after Confederation, the satirical skills of cartoonist John Bengough constantly punctured political balloons and inflated egos. In our time, reproductions of his cartoons and caricatures have been used to enhance many a Canadian biography or social history. *Legends of a Young Country* is a book that focuses specifically on him and his *Grip* magazine. Personal scandals, patriotic ambitions, parliamentary battles, journalistic rivalries, racial and religious prejudices, social injustices, economic woes, and much more were all deftly sketched and humorously reflected upon. This welcome book assembles most of Bengough's cartoons and much of the magazine's social commentary. Thanks to author Carman Cumming's accompanying text, they are made more comprehensible and enjoyable for us, a century or so later.

Images of History tracks the history of British Columbia as it was reported in the pages of its newspapers–the front

pages. Decade by decade, here are the headlines: the storms and the riots, the crimes and the elections, the battles and the ball games. Here is history live, but here is also history very dead, for there are too many bits and not enough body. Nevertheless, the book is fun to dip into, even if it lacks enough substance to study. A 1901 headline read: "Salmon are Scarce." *Plus ça change...*

"One is scorched by the hot sun, drenched in storms, bitten by mosquitoes, gnats and deer flies, lives on bacon and camp bread, sleeps on the ground, and is perfectly happy withal." So wrote Elizabeth Taylor while travelling up the Athabasca in May 1892. She had used her father's political influence (he was American consul in Winnipeg) to hitch a ride on a Hudson's Bay Company steamer going north. Taylor made her living as a travel writer, describing the adventures and scenery not only of this trip, but later of many other northern excursions, especially those to the Faroe Islands. Originally published in magazines a century ago, a number of her old travel pieces form a new book, *The Far Islands and Other Cold Places*. The section recording her visits to Hudson's Bay Company posts in Canada and Alaska will especially interest *Beaver* readers.

Tombstone buff Nancy Millar has found some of Canada's liveliest history in old graveyards. Travelling from coast to coast, she stopped at hundreds upon hundreds of burial places. She visited the tombs of the famous and the infamous, the rich and the ordinary. She read inscriptions and recorded epitaphs, photographed stones and researched facts. The result is a book, *Once Upon a Tomb*, telling the stories she (as it were) unearthed. Each plot was unique, every province was different, but a democracy of death connects them all. Perhaps, in a sense, our Canadian society is cemented by its cemeteries. In any case, the book is delightful: lighthearted but not frivolous, serious but not grave. ◆

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The Gold Crusades: A Social History of Gold Rushes, 1849–1929 (revised edition). By Douglas Fetherling. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, ON, 1997. 222 pp. $24.95 paper.

Tom Three Persons: Legend of an Indian Cowboy. By Hugh A. Dempsey. Purich Publishing, Saskatoon, SK, 1997. 160 pp. $19.50 paper.

On the afternoon of 7 June 1944, Lorne Brown, a private serving with the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division in Normandy, was bayoneted to death while trying to surrender to troops of Nazi Germany's élite 12th SS Division 'Hitler Youth.'

Howard Margolian

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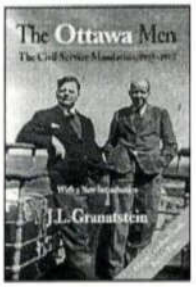

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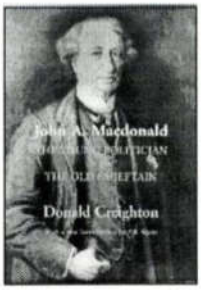

John A. Macdonald

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French measurements

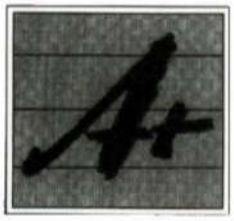
I read Adrienne Leduc's "A Letter to Antoine" [December 1997/January 1998] with some interest, having just completed a project involving research touching upon the fur trade and the Nipissing Passageway, and comparative analysis of French and English distance measurements. I took immediate note of the references to early French measures, *arpents* and *lieues*.

Pursuant to a long-term study of seventeenth-century cartography of eastern Canada in general, and the Great Lakes area in particular, Conrad Heidenreich completed an authoritative review of distance measurements employed on seventeenth- and early eighteenth-century maps, published in *The Canadian Cartographer* (1972,12, n.2). One of the initial problems encountered by Heidenreich was the multitude of measures of distance in use during the seventeenth century, including about six different *lieues* (leagues) in use by the French. The *grande lieue* or *lieu de mer*, determined by Heidenreich to be equivalent to 3.05 British statute miles (and which had been standardized in the fifteenth century under Henry VII), most closely agreed with the general conversion factor of "three miles," recognized during the initial Robinson-Huron First Nations Reserve surveys, in the mid-1850s. This was the unit of distance measure understood by Indian bands that had been engaged in the fur trade for more than 200 years with the French. Heidenreich also noted those leagues to equate to the general length of the *lieue d'une heure de chemin*, a flexible measure representing the distance a man could walk in an hour over an unimpeded course.

Further support for the introduction, use, and perpetuation into New France of the French league equivalent to 3.05 British statute miles, as well as for the conversion determination by Heidenreich, was found in the archived records of the Surveyor General of Canada. A Department of the Interior memorandum from Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites, dated October 20, 1896, stated, in part: "The length of the French 'Arpent' is 180 French feet, which is equal to 191 feet, 10 inches, English measure. The French 'league' is 84 arpents which is equal to 3.05 statute miles." This value was likely determined empirically.

While the above enhances Antoine Leduc's travel accomplishments by 64 percent, as one *lieue* equals 4.9 kilometres, it raises questions about the size of his homestead at Grondines: from the above, the *arpent* is a measure of length, not area. The context of the original information about his farm might clarify the intended meaning however; I have observed that some people of French descent use the term *acre* as a measure of area, and as a distance dimension of approximately 209 feet. If the same double use was commonly applied to *arpents*, then the reference is correct.

Michael E. Marlatt,
Ontario Land Surveyor,
Corbeil, Ontario.



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Kanakas name endures

Although Jean Bateman's interesting article ["Whatever Happened to the Kanakas?" December 1997/January 1998] implies that the existence of Sandwich Islands immigrants in B.C. has been forgotten, it is pointed out that the Kanaka name endures.

The British Columbia Recreational Atlas, published by the B.C. Ministry of Environment, shows "Kanaka Bar" on Highway 1 south of Lytton. Energy, Mines, and Resources Canada Map Sheet 92-I shows, on the west side of the Fraser River, on the Canadian Pacific Railway's Thompson Subdivision, the "Kanaka" railway siding, also designated on the railway's working timetable. It also shows "Kanaka Mountain", east of Highway 1 and just north of Jackass Mountain. There are two Indian reserves named "Kanaka Bar" on the east bank of the Fraser there.

The name was probably given because Kanakas panned or worked for gold on the river bars in the vicinity. There are several such named "bars" along the Fraser, notably Boston Bar, and, on the CPR, China Bar near Hell's Gate. Many years ago I was told that these names had to do with the people that worked there.

W. M. Price,
St. Laurent, Quebec.

How'd *that* get there?

We were pleased to see our publication *O Little Town* in Chris Raible's recent book column, "Lives of the Known and Unknown" [February/March 1998]. However, the community of Dinsmore, Saskatchewan, featured in *O Little Town*, was relocated by Chris's review to Manitoba ("biography of a prairie community, Dinsmore, Manitoba")! Dinsmore seems like a lovely little place, and one that Manitobans would consider as a welcome addition to their road map, but prairie small towns have enough problems with such threats as diminishing population, without the additional worry of being spirited away to another province. Dinsmore, of course, is about 63 miles south-southwest of Saskatoon, which is also in Saskatchewan. But *O Little Town*'s appeal is universal, or at least reaches well beyond the Saskatchewan border.

Allison Campbell,
University of Manitoba Press,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Whitby, too

My compliments to Shane Peacock and the editorial staff for an excellent article on Leslie McFarlane [June/July 1997]. I grew up in Whitby, Ontario in the 1950s and 60s and was treated to the many rumours within our kid-culture concerning the author of the Hardy Boys, and the possibility that he lived among us. While attending grade 8, we were treated to a preview of his book, *The Last of the Great Picnics,* courtesy of our teacher and Mr. McFarlane. Later, following a public-speaking competition, I was awarded a copy of the published book which I still have. While Leslie McFarlane may have considered Haileybury his hometown, we considered him ours. I have long appreciated his importance in Canadian literature and his impact on the young.

Robert Banks, M.D.,
San Antonio, Texas.

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Debates about 1812

I would guess that most *Beaver* readers enjoy the periodic debates about the War of 1812 that appear from time to time in "Letters".

My son teaches American history in the U.S.A. and states quite categorically that every American schoolboy "knows" they won the War of 1812!

With all of this in mind, I wonder how many American schoolboys also know what was said about this war by their countryman, Captain Alfred T. Mahan (1840–1914), a naval officer and distinguished historian writing in *The National Review*:

> In 1823, not ten years had elapsed since the British Government had contemplated exacting from the United States, as a result of our prostration at the close of the War of 1812, territorial cessions which might make an American of today [date unknown] ignorant of the extremes to which his country was then reduced, gasp with amazement.

Perhaps another *Beaver* reader would delve into Mahan's background and be able to conclude and disclose to us that he was a relation of President James Madison and that yet another might be able to determine that the above Mr. Mahan was actually a British spy!

Don H. Drennan,
Perth, Ontario.

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English migrated, too

Rene L. Dugas argues that had not "French Canadians from the province of Quebec migrated in great numbers to the New England states ... the prediction that Canada would eventually have a French-speaking majority would perhaps have materialized." [Letters, February/March 1998]. In fact, hundreds of thousands of English Canadians also migrated to the United States between 1850 and 1930. The 1900 U.S. Census, for example, counted 785,000 English-speaking Canadians in the United States, as compared to 394,000 French-speaking Canadians. Thus French Canadians were not disproportionately represented among Canadian emigrants to the U.S. – the percentage of French speakers who moved south was roughly equal to the percentage of French Canadians in the Canadian population. Had all the emigrants stayed home, the proportions of French- and English-speakers would not have changed very much.

The interesting historical question is not how Canada might have developed differently without the southern exodus of so much of its population. Instead the question that we should ask is why mass migration of French Canadians to the United States remains a vital part of the contemporary Quebecois historical memory, while the migration of an equal proportion of English Canadians is absent from English Canada's collective memory.

John Herd Thompson,
Durham, North Carolina.

More on Hall

The letter captioned "William Hall, Absent" [Letters, February/March 1998] might have been captioned "William Hall, Run." Writer Miriam Guptill would have been pleased to find this on page 9 of *Our Bravest and Our Best* had she resorted to one of Halifax's excellent libraries. The reference is an entry in Rodney's ships book dated March 12, 1856, listed Hall as AWOL.

The Register of the Victoria Cross, entry #511, lists Hall's unit as royal Navy (Naval Brigade) – he was the second Canadian to be Gazetted, just two years after Alexander Dunn.

Richard K. Seymour,
Brechin, Ontario.

No, not me

Could I say just one thing in response to Michael Bliss's suggestion in his thoughtful review of my book *1867: How the Fathers Made a Deal* [February/March 1998] that I should be compared to Donald Creighton.

Professor, I have read Donald Creighton. Donald Creighton was a study of mine. Professor, I'm no Donald Creighton.

Christopher Moore,
Toronto, Ontario.

McGee's fate

In your August/September 1997 issue, I noticed the item entitled "Defeated Again" [History in the News] referring to the exploits of the one-eyed Frank McGee who once starred with the Ottawa Silver Seven. The following item may help to fill out the picture of McGee's ultimate fate.

> Lieutenant Francis Clarence McGee was 33 years old and blind in one eye when he was killed in action while serving with the 21st Battalion at Courcelette on 16 September 1916... McGee was a member of Canada's Hockey Hall of Fame having established unbreakable scoring records while playing centre and rover for the Ottawa Silver Seven. He scored 63 goals in 22 Stanley Cup games between 1903 and 1906. He scored 5 goals on 7 separate occasions, 8 against Montreal on March 3rd, 1906 and 14 against Dawson City on January 16, 1905. All of this despite the loss of one eye prior to his playing days with Ottawa.

This is an excerpt from a book written by the undersigned in tribute to the men of Loyola of Montreal who gave their lives in Canada's wars. Having only one eye did not seem to disqualify those who wish to serve even as infantry officers in the "War to end all Wars."

A.G. Drolet,
La Salle, Quebec.

Real or imaginary?

John Singer Sargent's pictures [*The Beaver*, December 1997/January 1998] raised some nostalgic feelings in one born and raised in the B.C. interior. One feature in his painting "Yoho Falls" triggered some speculation on my part. On the rock face between the large spray and the falls there appears to be a hieroglyph of a deer. I recall similar hieroglyphs from my early teens in the 1930s at Mabel Lake, and perhaps nostalgia has prompted this speculation. Does anyone know if this hieroglyph exists, or is it a part of the artist's art?

Lex Duncan,
Trenton, Ontario.

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Each portrait shows the vessel in minute detail so that museum visitors can appreciate both the beauty and complexity of the ships, barques, and brigantines. The range of artists' locations, which includes Great Britain, France, Holland, Germany, the United States, South Africa, Ceylon, Australia, and China, tells of the extent of the worldwide travels of these Yarmouth vessels. The Yarmouth County Museum's collections also include souvenirs brought home from these exotic places, as well as a fine sampling of Victorian and Edwardian artifacts from the homes of Yarmouth families.

Ship Lennie. *Watercolour. Attributed to E. L. Greaves, Liverpool, England, c. 1873. This ship was famous for a mutiny in 1875 in which the master and mates were killed. The mutineers were later captured and hanged.*

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HOW TO READ YOUR MAILING LABEL

Christopher Moore

Women Writing History

Agnes Machar, born in Kingston in 1837, lived to be 90 and must have written something for publication almost every day of her adult life. She wrote Canadian and imperial history for adults and young readers. She wrote a shelf of historical novels and many histories and memoirs of Kingston. She produced reams of historical journalism printed by leading magazines of her day.

I'd never heard of her.

Her contemporary Sarah Anne Curzon of Toronto pretty much created Laura Secord as a Canadian heroine. She wrote poetry and essays on historical themes, campaigned for women's rights, and founded the Women's Canadian Historical Society.

Never heard of her either.

Constance Lindsay Skinner, the British Columbia–born daughter of a fur trader who became a New York freelance writer, was new to me too. She wrote Parkman-like histories of the American West and ghosted works for male professors who couldn't make their books readable. And I'd also missed Isabel Skelton, another prolific historian but overshadowed by her husband Oscar D., the mandarin of Ottawa mandarins in Mackenzie King's heyday. I knew, at least, of Esther Clark Wright, the historian of the Maritime Planters and Loyalists. But I'd not known that after she got a Harvard Ph.D. and her husband failed his, he got the university job while she stayed home.

Women have been writing about Canadian history for a long time. If Alison Prentice and her coauthors in a new book called *Creating Historical Memory: English Canadian Women and the Work of History* are correct, they have often been writing a rather distinctive kind of Canadian history. And how much have they been marginalized? Well, even Prentice, one of the country's leading practitioners of women's history, had never heard of some of these writers before this book was under way. "It is extraordinary how women intellectuals just disappear from view," says Prentice. "I think it is fair to say that equivalent male figures would be better known."

Helen has painted with careful tracing . .
The problems our good friend Esther is facing.
Left hand on the hoe to the garden is drawn;
The right hand is screaming: 'To Planters come on!
How can she resolve such a terrible plight?
That keeps her awake both at nap-time and night?
We think any day now she'll just dash out the door:
If a Planter can't plant what's a good Planter for?
Happy Birthday
Happy Planting (Both kinds)

Watercolour of Esther Clark Wright, by her friend Helen Beals. From Creating Historical Memory, *UBC Press.*

As a survey of women's historical writing in English Canada, the 11 essays (by 11 contributors, not all of them women) in *Creating Historical Memory* are sometimes uneven and certainly far from conclusive. They do, however, begin to rediscover these vanishing figures: from Machar and Curzon, to Isabel Skelton "relegated hesitantly to housekeeping...although she tried desperately to pursue intellectual projects"; to the historical work undertaken by Women's Institutes and by orders of Catholic nuns; to Margaret Ormsby and Mary White, the only female instructors at McMaster University in the 1940s, sharing a makeshift office in the women's washroom; to the contested emergence of university courses in women's history in the 1970s.

I had probably thought of women's history mostly as a recent phenomenon, an offshoot of the women's movement of the last few decades. *Creating Historical Memory* suggests historical work by and about women goes much further back—and always existed on the fringe. Even the most conventional women writers, it suggests, often adopted points of view that differed from the masculine norm. They took up social and cultural history, household and domestic patterns, private life, and women's stories, when all of these were peripheral to most histories.

Machar wrote local history, sought out female protagonists, and instructed the young in the glories of the past—all choices that seem to have typified women historians more than men. Sarah Curzon, campaigning for coeducation and women's suffrage when public life was considered a male prerogative, celebrated Laura Secord's feats to validate women's claim to a place, not only in history, but in civic society.

Yet Prentice and Beverly Boutilier, in their introductory essay, suggest

women may have become most marginalized as historians after they gained the vote and won entry to higher education. In the 1920s and 1930s, as history in Canada became a profession practised by professors in university history departments, professional history began to stigmatize all other historical work as amateur and lesser. And into the 1970s, the professors were virtually all men.

In the new professional world of the early twentieth century, even the men limited themselves. A couple of years ago, when Marlene Shore of York University surveyed 75 years of the *Canadian Historical Review*, she concluded that with the rise of "professionalization," everything but political and economic history vanished from that journal—along with women's contributions. "With these women we wrote about," says Prentice, "it did feel, in a general sort of way, that they continued an interest in social history at a time when it was being dropped as too domestic, too feminine, by the professionalizing male historians in the 1930s, 1940s, 1950s."

Deborah Gorham's essay, the last in the book, explores the years when women broke down university barriers in the 1960s and 1970s and began to write and teach the "new field" of women's history. The scope of the new work was displayed in *Canadian Women: A History*, published in 1988. Written collectively by six women—including Prentice—and based on masses of recent scholarship, it demonstrated how rapidly and conclusively women's history had established itself as a substantial academic field.

This more recent women's history was initially "about" women's experiences, and often about women's subordination, but it rapidly expanded to related subjects. Women historians led the way into studies of the changing histories of children and families and of public policies on social and familial matters. And then the history of women produced new takes on the history of men too. "Gender" history began to remind us that men's roles have been as complicated and changeable as women's roles.

Historian Cecilia Morgan recently offered a nice example in a book about Upper Canadian politics entitled *Public Men and Virtuous Women*. William Lyon Mackenzie has always been prominent in the political history of that era, but Morgan suggests a new angle. She points out how conservative opponents denounced Mackenzie as "unmanly" because he was wild, extravagant, and fanatical. Yet some fellow reformers also denounced him as "unmanly." Mackenzie chose to wear a red wig, and they thought that proved he was too much like some effete aristocratic fop to be a true leader of the people. Upper Canada's struggles may have been about bad roads and the abuse of power, Morgan suggested, but somehow they were also about ideas of what a man had to do.

Despite the blossoming of women's history and history by women, women remain startlingly marginalized in academic life. Some history departments remain 80 percent male, and women in universities still fill a disproportionate share of the marginal appointments and part-time lectureships. It may be, however, that the divergence of women's and men's historical styles is growing less.

Creating Historical Memory suggests women were long open to social and cultural history, to local and regional studies, and to daily or "ordinary" life in a way most male historians were not. (It also draws attention to some male historians—the great Nova Scotian archivist-historian D. C. Harvey was one—who both shared these interests and encouraged women's efforts.) Today, however, social, cultural, local studies have virtually taken over the mainstream—while political and "national" historians complain they are the ones marginalized as old-fashioned and unimportant.

Meanwhile, the professional/amateur gulf among historians remains huge. Alison Prentice stresses that many of the women contributors to this book have not secured positions in the great Canadian history departments—she herself taught most of her career in the Ontario educational school OISE, and her coeditor Boutilier is now doing international-development work in Indonesia. But all have been trained in the academic mainstream now opening to women—and that generates a tension in their essays here.

Women historians led the way into studies of the changing history of children and families and of public policies on social and familial matters.

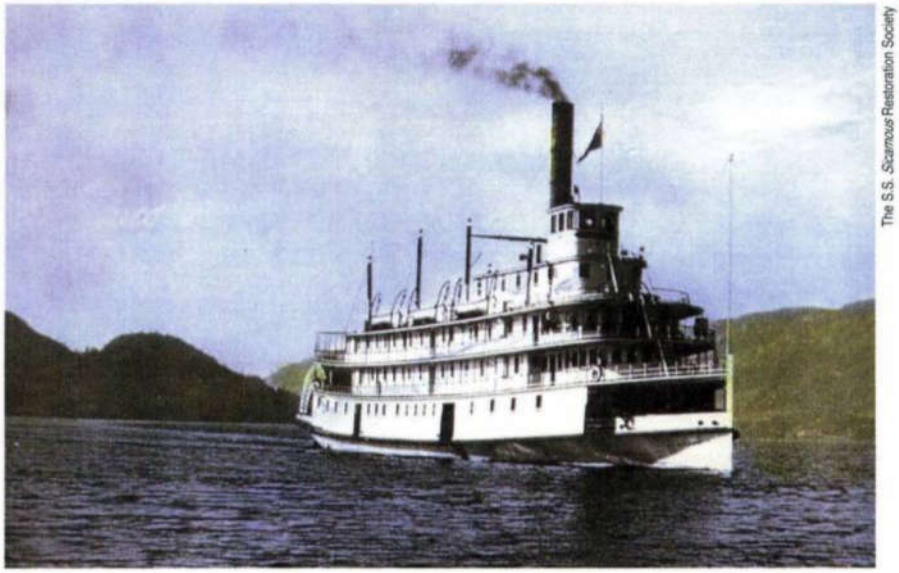
The authors want to respect what these women they write about achieved under difficult conditions. But they often seem uncomfortable with the ruggedly amateur status of the women they are writing about. They are particularly eager to distance themselves from the enthusiasm of the nineteenth-century women for God, the British Empire, and the civilizing role of the white middle classes. They want to remember these women—but only in one or two places do they suggest their histories might be worth reading as histories.

Creating Historical Memory persuaded me we should remember these remarkable women. But it hardly suggests a living historical tradition descending from them (or for that matter, from the male counterparts who condescended to them in their day). "Who now reads Macaulay?" was the lament of an essay a few years ago by the British historian John Clive. "Who now reads any Canadian historian of the past?" I found myself wondering as I put down this moving, perplexing book. ◆

***Creating Historical Memory: English Canadian Women and the Work of History*, edited by Beverly Boutilier and Alison Prentice, was published by UBC Press in 1997.**

Restoration proceeds on the S.S. *Sicamous*

The S.S. *Sicamous* Restoration Society of Penticton, British Columbia, has reached the halfway mark in its five-stage restoration plan. The *Sicamous*, first launched on Okanagan Lake on May 9, 1914, the last of the CPR steamboats to shuttle passengers and cargo across the great waterway, was an integral part of the economy and social fabric of the Okanagan Valley. Out of operation since 1936, The *Sicamous* is "the prime heritage attraction of the area," says a Society spokesperson, with more than 30,000 visitors a year. The tremendous volunteer restoration effort, which includes an upgraded electrical and heating system, means the vessel can be seen year round; newly developed educational programs and material will focus on inland water transportation of the early 1900s.



The S.S. *Sicamous* Restoration Society

***The S.S.* Sicamous.**

The restoration is being financed solely by donations. Anyone interested in supporting this effort can do so through the S.S. *Sicamous* Restoration Society, 1099 Lakeshore Drive West, Penticton, BC V2A 1B7; tel (250) 492-0403.

The Fort Garry Horse Museum

Detail of painting:
The Battle of Doetinchem, April 1, 1945, ***by G. J. Meijerink.***

Important painting restored to Regiment

In April 1945, soldiers from the Fort Garry Horse Regiment liberated the Dutch town of Doetinchem; they later returned to help local residents rebuild. While there, 15 officers commissioned artist G.J. Meijerink to paint a portrait, showing them receiving orders from their commanding officer, Lt.-Col. Eric Wilson. The artist, a resident of the town, was paid 30 cigarettes for his efforts. Quartermaster Maj. Gordon MacKenzie took possession of the painting; a few years later, he passed it on to Major Hugh MacEwing of Calgary.

Gordon Crossley, curator of the Fort Garry Horse Museum and Archives in Winnipeg, had been aware of the painting from prints the museum had of it, but had no idea the original still existed. He had been told of a collection of Fort Garry Horse memorabilia in a private home in Victoria, so decided to look up the owner on a business trip last August.

It was Mrs. Mildred MacEwing, widow of Maj. MacEwing, who had died in April at the age of 90. According to Mrs. MacEwing, the officer had always hoped to return the painting to Winnipeg, but had no knowledge of the museum's existence. When Crossley showed up, it was handed over to him. The priceless painting is an invaluable find for the museum, and restores an important piece of history to the Regiment.

The Fort Garry Horse Museum and Archives displays the history of the Fort Garry Horse from its formation in 1912 to the present day, through artifacts, photos, and archival material. Located at 551 Machray Ave. in Winnipeg, it is open Monday evenings 7:30 to 10:00, or by appointment, (204) 586-6298.

Year of the Cowboy in full swing

The city of Calgary kicked off its "Year of the Cowboy" New Year's Eve. The city has a series of events planned for the coming year, including a western children's festival, art show, and branding and haying exhibits during the months of April and May.

The event is not without its critics, however. Historians and native leaders are concerned that organizers have ignored the role of native Canadians in the early days of ranching, as well as the factors that forced them out of the business.

❁ ❁ ❁

Wrecking ball razes Lundy House

An important historical house in Niagara, Ontario, was torn down December 12, 1997, to make way for a shopping mall. Lundy House, built in 1792 by William and Nancy Lundy, was a stopping-off point for British soldiers who received refreshment there before the famous battle of Lundy's Lane, the War of 1812 conflict that immortalized the family's name. According to Sherman Zavitz, official historian for Niagara Falls, more than a few tears were shed by onlookers.

❁ ❁ ❁

Diefenbaker birthplace a bargain

The birthplace of former prime minister John Diefenbaker in Neustadt, Ontario, has been bought by John Medcof, a Toronto lawyer with a commitment to history. The two-storey, seven-room house, formerly owned by the late Timothy Anderson of Ottawa, has stood empty for two decades. Originally listed by his estate for $159,000 last year, the price was reduced to $59,000 when no one showed interest. "The government refused to acquire the house or even commemorate it, so I bought it," said Medcof, who will work with local historical societies and service clubs to develop it into a museum honouring Diefenbaker.

ACOA will fund new vision for Bonavista history project

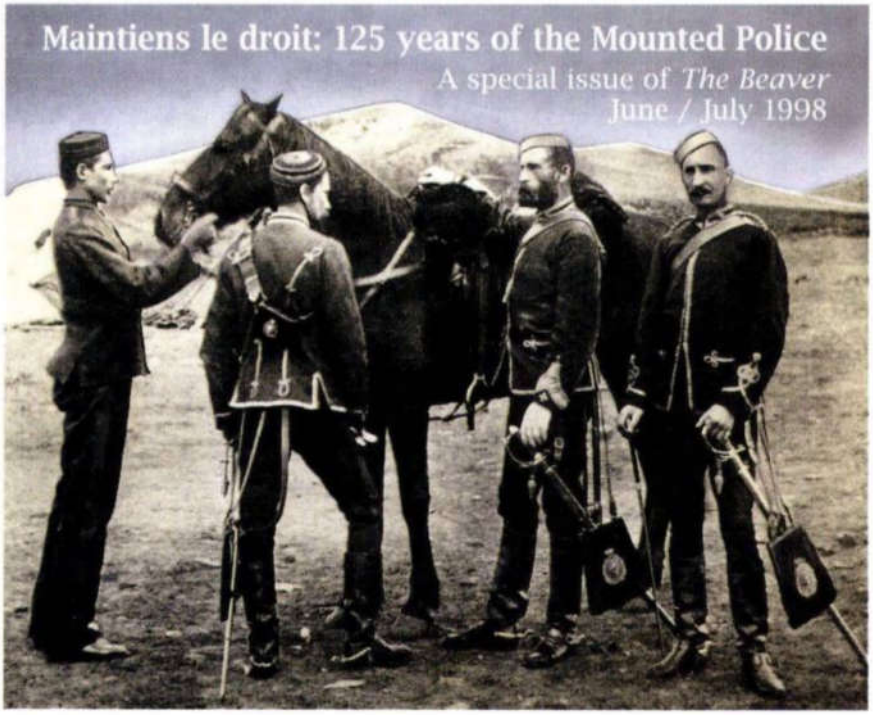
The historic town of Bonavista has received $50,000 from the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency to develop the entire town as a heritage resource. Conceived by the Bonavista Historical Society, it is being called the "Historic Townscape Project."

Inglis elevator row to be developed

In February 1996, a row of five grain elevators in Inglis, Manitoba, was designated a national historic site. Such rows were common to all Canadian prairie towns in the early part of the twentieth century, and the Inglis site is the last remaining row of vintage elevators from the 1920s, considered Canada's golden age of grain-handling. Now the Inglis Area Heritage Committee is selling memberships to those who wish to support the development of the area as an educational site. Plans include restoration of exteriors on all five elevators. One will be refurbished as a complete working elevator; another as an interpretive centre that will trace the importance of the grain and rail industries and their significance to the development of the prairie provinces. Other elevators may house grain- or agriculture-related businesses. The group is also developing educational outreach packages about the site. Further information can be obtained from the Inglis Area Heritage Committee; P.O. Box 81; Inglis, MB R0J 0X0; tel (204) 564-2234; fax (204) 564-2643; e-mail <iahc@techplu.com>.

Klondike celebration —in Mississauga

The Bradley Museum of Mississauga in partnership with the Rotary Club will be saluting the centennial of the Klondike gold rush with a three-day event, May 22 to 24. This will feature exhibits, children's activities, food, saloons, and casinos, and the chance to win a Yukon adventure. The museum, located at 1620 Orr Road in Mississauga, is also searching for the loan of articles or letters relating to the Klondike that can be used in the displays. The museum can be contacted at (905) 822-2347, or (905) 822-1569.



Famous Five honoured

Emily Murphy, first woman magistrate in the British Empire, spearheaded the effort to have women declared "persons."

On December 11, 1997, the House of Commons passed a motion to erect a statue to five women pioneers of the 1920s. The Famous Five, as they were known, fought to have women declared "persons" under the law, finally succeeding in 1929. They were Emily Murphy, Nellie McClung, Henrietta Muir Edwards, Louise McKinney, and Irene Parlby. This is the first time the honour has been extended to anyone other than royalty, prime ministers, or fathers of Confederation.

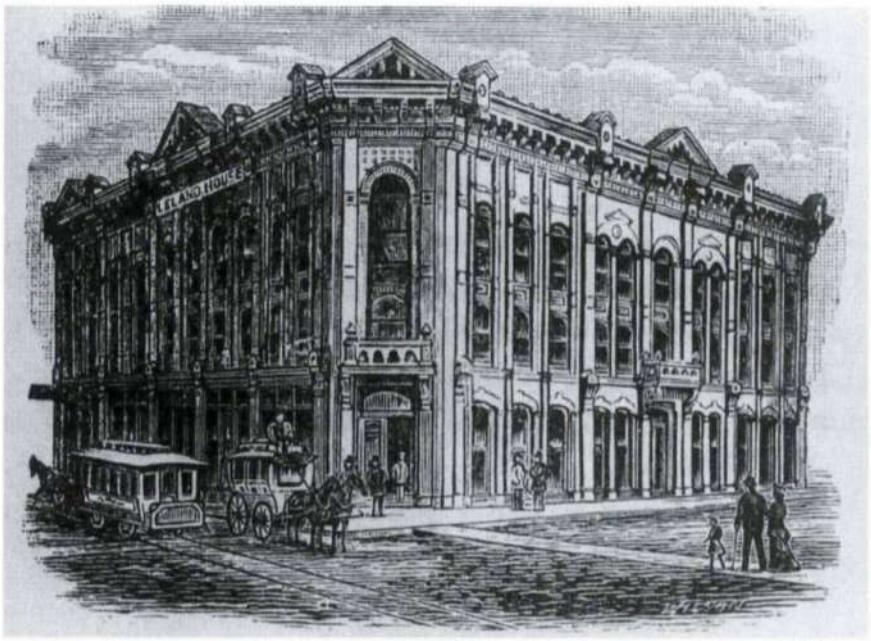
❀ ❀ ❀

Huronia Museum faces financial crunch

The town of Midland, Ontario, has come up with a $20,000 bailout for the Huronia Museum. A funding shortfall left the operation in a cash-flow crunch, which required staff layoffs, cutbacks in operating hours, promotion and staff hours, and a raise in admission prices. Despite these austerity measures, the funding from Midland council allows the museum to continue operating year-round. Although the bailout represents an extraordinary expenditure for the town, Mayor George MacDonald stated that "the museum is an important part of our community." The museum, like many others in the country, faces government cutbacks and decreased fundraising revenues.

Exchange District declared a historic site

Winnipeg's Exchange District was designated a national historic site by the federal government in February. The downtown district, with more than 60 buildings listed by the city's historical buildings committee, is a "national treasure chest of turn-of-the-century western expansion buildings," says city councillor Glen Murray. "We are really the equivalent to Quebec City in terms of historic buildings in a district." The oldest buildings in the area date from the 1880s and include the former Grain Exchange building, which gave the district its name, and the Leland Hotel. The Exchange District is now one of only seven such urban sites in Canada.



The Provincial Archives of Manitoba

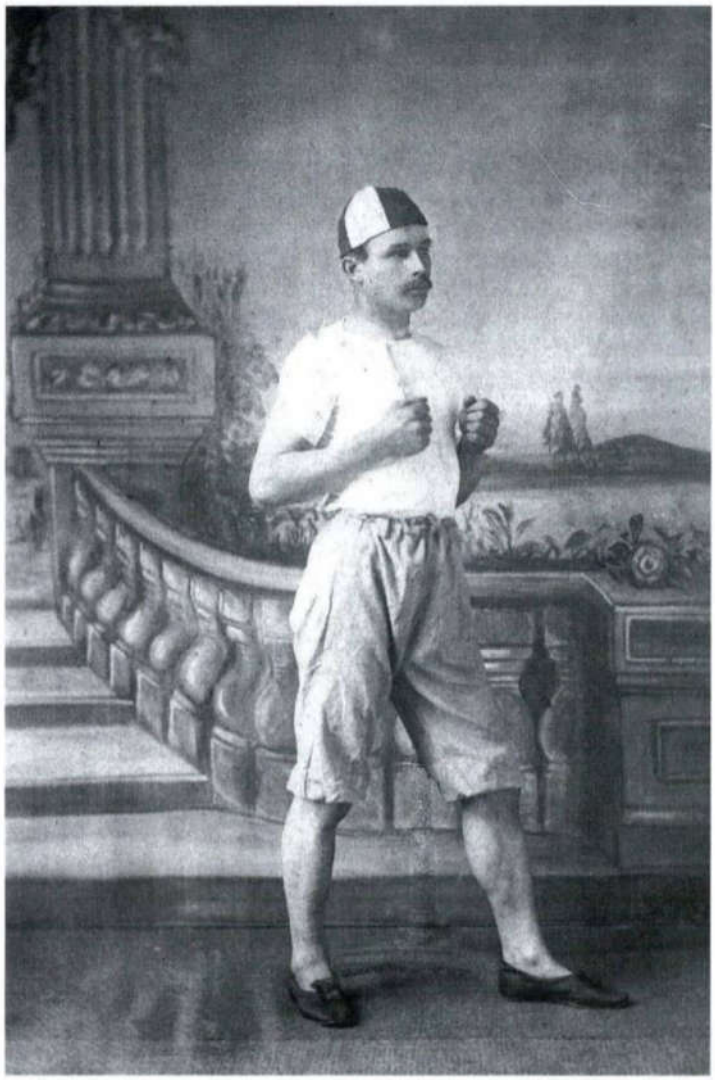
The Leland Hotel, 1884.

Bayefsky exhibit continues at Canadian War Museum

"Reflections on the Holocaust: The Art of Aba Bayefsky" opened January 15, 1998 at the Canadian War Museum, and continues until September. The exhibit represents a lifetime of work on the meaning and memory of the Holocaust by a distinguished war artist. The exhibition comprises two collections never before exhibited together. The first, from the collection of the Canadian War Museum, consists of works created by Bayefsky following visits to Bergen Belsen concentration camp in May and June 1945. These were produced while he was an official war artist with the Royal Canadian Air Force during World War II. Another 41 pieces, collectively called "Epilogue," are from the artist's personal collection, and were completed over the past five decades.

"This unique group of works is the result of a lifelong struggle by a veteran and prominent Canadian artist to interpret one of the most important examples ever of humanity's capacity for evil," says Daniel J. Glenney, Acting Director General of the Museum.

Mr. Bayefsky, born in Toronto in 1923, studied at the Art Gallery of Ontario and Central Technical School before enlisting in the air force. A member of the Order of Canada, Bayefsky is a former president of the Canadian Group of Painters and Canadian Society of Graphic Art. ◆



The Champion

William Pridmore immigrated to Canada from England in 1869 and settled on Vancouver Island the following year. He cleared 100 acres near Victoria, and was still ploughing his fields with a team of horses well into his 80s. But this Canadian pioneer was also something of a celebrity for his prowess as a heel-toe speedwalker.

The photo above, submitted by Mr. Pridmore's great-granddaughter, Mrs. Maddy Kowalyshen of Victoria, shows him in his racing outfit in 1876. "Walking matches" became popular in Victoria in the late 1870s and 1880s and attracted great crowds. Mr. Pridmore, who could walk 10 miles in one hour, 21 minutes, 22 seconds, was unbeatable. He regularly trounced walking champions from the United States, with his exploits featured in Victoria's *Colonist* newspaper. Spectators marvelled at the ease with which Pridmore raced. A reporter at a match in the spring of 1881 noted that he "showed no sign of perspiration until the fifth mile, and then only slightly," while his opponent, an American champion named Callahan, "perspired freely." The ever-popular Mr. Pridmore, as always, emerged the winner, "fresh as a daisy."

In November 1997, William Pridmore was posthumously inducted into the Victoria Commonwealth Games Hall of Fame.

THE SOCIETY

Huband Honoured

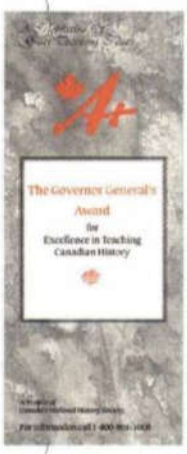
A dinner to honour Rolph Huband, Founding Chairman of Canada's National History Society, was held November 15, 1997 at the Toronto Cricket, Skating, and Curling Club. On that occasion, he was named Publisher Emeritus of *The Beaver* magazine in recognition of his long and close association with the publication, an association which began in 1960. He also received a life membership in the Society which recognized the leadership and vision that led to the creation of the Society in 1994. On behalf of the Society's board, Chairman Joe Martin presented him with a copy of the two-volume edition of *The Canadian Red River and Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Expeditions* by H. Youle Hind.

CRB Matches Money

In November 1997, the 1997 Pierre Berton Award for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history was presented to the CRB Foundation of Montreal to recognize its series of Heritage Minutes. These are seen widely across Canada in cinemas and on television. The CRB Foundation joins Pierre Berton, James H. Gray, and Jacques Lacoursière as recipients of the Award.

A $5,000 cash component is part of the Award structure. The CRB Foundation matched this amount and will use the full proceeds to provide as many as possible middle- and senior-level schools in Manitoba with copies of either "We are Canadians" or "Canadians in a Global Economy," two highly regarded and comprehensive learning resource kits specifically designed for classroom use. The distribution of these kits will coincide with the 1998 Heritage Fair, also a CRB initiative, which will take place in St. Boniface, Manitoba in July 1998.

Share the Wealth



The Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History has broadened its scope and direction. Now in its third year, the program has become more than a way to recognize good teachers of history. It has become an opportunity to share with teachers, and others across the country, the wealth of teaching ideas, strategies, lesson plans, and activities the competition generates. In 1996, the submissions of the 12 finalists were published in a booklet and distributed to history teachers across the country. This was done again in 1997. The finalists' ideas were also included on the Society's website along with a brief synopsis of the work of many of the other nominees. Names, addresses, telephone numbers, and e-mail addresses were supplied for obtaining further information. These publication /Internet initiatives have increased the program's visibility and provided Canadian educators with access to useful teaching strategies and Canadian history information.

Internet Activity

The Society's website is attracting more visitors and has more to offer.

Approximately 700 people visit the Society's home page each month compared to 500 a year ago. The site has always contained information, most of which is offered in both official languages, on the Society and its key activities. In 1997, the site was expanded to include additional information on the Governor General's Teaching Award entrants and finalists (see above). Also added was the index for *The Beaver* for 1986 to 1996, something that will be of interest to readers of the magazine and others interested in Canadian history. This index, which contains hundreds of entries categorized by subject and author, can be downloaded upon payment of a fee of $10 to the Society. The website gives details on how to order and affords a preview page of the entire document.

You are invited to visit the Society's website at:

http://www.cyberspc.mb.ca/~otmw/cnhs/cnhs.html

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Publisher's List Price $29.99; Club Price $19.99 (cloth)

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A stunning commemorative 75th anniversary tribute to Canada's most beloved and influential artists. 10 3/4" x 10 3/4" 196 pp., over 140 colour plates. Publisher's List Price $50; Club Price **$34.** (cloth)

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The book that launched the oral history genre in Canada. A classic grass-roots history of the depression era, the Dirty Thirties, as told by more than 600 ordinary men and women who lived to tell about it. 464 pp., 24 pp., B & W photos. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$12.** (paper)

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First published in 1971, this engaging book retells the time of armed uprising in Lower Canada in 1837 — the conditions that led to it, the battles, reprisals and the aftermath. This remarkable and sometimes tragic story concludes with the founding of the cornerstone that built Canada, the French-English partnership. 226 pp., index. Publisher's List Price $22.95; Club Price **$17.** (paper)

VOYAGES: Canada's Heritage Rivers *edited by Lynn E. Noel*
A handsome book that celebrates the rich diversity, splendour, and history of the 27 rivers nominated to the Canadian Heritage Rivers System. First foreign book to receive the Natural Resources Council of America Award. 207 pp., photographs, illustrations, maps. Publisher's List Price $34.95; Club Price **$24.50** (paper)

KLONDIKE
by Pierre Berton
Winner of the Governor General's Award for Non-Fiction when first published in 1958, this bestselling classic, newly reissued, is essential reading about a colourful period in Canadian history now celebrating its centennial anniversary. 472 pp. Index. Publisher's List Price $21; Club Price **$15.** (paper)

CONFESSIONS OF AN IGLOO DWELLER *by James Houston*
From 1948 to 1962 James Houston lived among the Inuit in the Arctic. This is a fascinating account of life in the old North by the man who introduced Inuit art to the outside world. 320 pp., 30 illustrations by the author, maps. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$12.** (paper)

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by Christopher Moore
Military sieges dominate the history of Louisbourg. Moore describes the town behind the fortress walls through five dramatic tales of people who lived in the 18th-century garrison town. 302 pp. Publisher's List Price $14.95; Club Price **$11.** (paper)

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This handsome book traces Paul Kane's travels along Hudson's Bay Company 19th-century fur trade routes. Kane in his own words, sketches, and paintings describes what he saw. 176 pp., 10" x 10", 26 colour and 25 B & W illustrations. Publisher's List Price $45.95; Club Price **$32.** (cloth)

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How did Canadians reach this point? How did Québec nationalism come to threaten the future of the entire country? Is there a solution? These are among the questions tackled by noted historian Ramsay Cook in this important and timely book, now in its second edition, about the clash of cultures in Canada. 294 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$13.** (paper)

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Morton has integrated the experiences of Canadians fighting on land, sea, and air and linked them, for the first time, to Canadian history as a whole. 3rd Edition. 315 pp., photographs, maps. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$12.** (paper)

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A PROJECT OF CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Spring 1998

PROGRAM SCHEDULE

HISTORY TELEVISION

E.S.T.	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
8:00 AM	History Presents	Historylands	Sketches of our Town				
8:30 AM		Witness to Yesterday	Olympica				
9:00 AM		Secrets of WW II	Ken Burns' Baseball	Historylands	Turning Points	In Search of the Trojan War	Testament
9:30 AM				Witness to Yesterday			
10:00 AM	Faces of History	Turning Points		A Scattering of Seeds	Faces of History	History Presents	The Great Wall of Iron
10:30 AM				The Way We Were			
11:00 AM	Ancient Civilizations	The Great Wall of Iron	Testament	Century of Warfare	In Search of the Trojan War		Ancient Civilizations
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	Great Crimes and Trials of the 20th Century					Wish Me Luck	The Century of Warfare
12:30 PM	It Seems Like Yesterday						
1:00 PM	History Presents	Historylands	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	Colditz	History on Film
1:30 PM		Witness to Yesterday					
2:00 PM		Secrets of WW II				A Scattering of Seeds	
2:30 PM						The Way We Were	
3:00 PM	Faces of History	Turning Points				Secret Army	
3:30 PM			A Scattering of Seeds	The Way We Were			History on Film
4:00 PM	Olympica					Sharpe	
4:30 PM	Colditz	Sharpe	Secret Army	Combat	Wish Me Luck		
5:00 PM						Combat	
5:30 PM	Ancient Civilizations	The Great Wall of Iron	Testament	Century of Warfare	In Search of the Trojan War		
6:00 PM						Turning Points	Historylands
6:30 PM	timeChase						Witness to Yesterday
7:00 PM	Great Crimes and Trials of the 20th Century					Faces of History	War Stories
7:30 PM	It Seems Like Yesterday						
8:00 PM	History Presents	Historylands	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	Ken Burns' Baseball
8:30 PM		Witness to Yesterday					
9:00 PM		Secrets of WW II					
9:30 PM							War Stories
10:00 PM	Faces of History	Turning Points	A Scattering of Seeds	The Way We Were			
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM	Colditz	Sharpe	Secret Army	Combat	Wish Me Luck	A Scattering of Seeds	Historylands
11:30 PM						Great Crimes and Trials of the 20th Century	Witness to Yesterday
12:00 AM	History Presents	Secrets of WW II	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	History on Film	Ken Burns' Baseball
12:30 AM							
1:00 AM		Turning Points					
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM	Faces of History	Historylands					War Stories
2:30 AM		Witness to Yesterday	A Scattering of Seeds	The Way We Were			
3:00 AM	Ancient Civilizations	The Great Wall of Iron	Testament	Century of Warfare	In Search of the Trojan War	History on Film	Historylands
3:30 AM							Witness to Yesterday
4:00 AM	Colditz	Sharpe	Secret Army	Combat	Wish Me Luck		Ken Burns' Baseball
4:30 AM							
5:00 AM	Olympica						
5:30 AM	Sketches of our Town						
6:00 AM	timeChase					The Way We Were	Historylands
6:30 AM	Olympica					A Scattering of Seeds	Witness to Yesterday
7:00 AM	Great Crimes and Trials of the 20th Century					Historylands	War Stories
7:30 AM	It Seems Like Yesterday					Witness to Yesterday	

Program changes may occur.